

## Harry Potter: A New Life

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A/N: The first few chapters are written by SilverAegis, BUT I made modifications so that it is more awesome. After a few chapters I make huge changes to the story line/plot. This story was previously here but I deleted it then. Now I am re posting it because it was a huge success.

### Chapter 1: Rebirth

Veni. Vedi. Vici ~ Julius Caesar

"Harry James Potter!" Hermione screeched throughout the Head Boy and Girl common room.

"Hmm...?" Harry made a non intelligent noise while ignoring his bushy haired friend who was screeching at him to pointlessly study.

"Don't 'Hmm' me!" She screamed.

"Hmm..."

Hermione sighed.

Ever since Harry defeated Voldemort a few months ago, Harry had become withdrawn and silent. Many people died that very battle including his parent's last best friend: Remus Lupin. However it wasn't Remus that made Harry withdrawn, it was Ginny. Ginny had died that day also. It wasn't just any day either; it was the day that Harry had proposed to her, on Valentine's Day. Since then, Harry was afraid of getting close to people again. So many people wanted to be friends with him and his friendship with Ron went down hill. The fame of being the buddy of The Boy Who Lived was able to turn anyones head several notches. All three of the trio were quite powerful for their age, but Harry was even more powerful then possible. Because of his achievements and power, he was given the nickname like Dumbledore. However, unlike Dumbledore, Harry was called, 'The Hero of Light.' It was magical binding contract when he

was given with his Order of Merlin 1st class, which they neglected to tell him until he had already accepted his Order of Merlin.

He hated that title. He blamed it on Arthur Weasley, who was the Minister of Magic. He just waved it off and told him he should be proud of it. As for Ron and Hermione, as a trio, they were known as 'The Golden Three' by everyone.

Harry was lonely. He wasn't depressed, he knew he should continue living without any regret, but something told him in the near future something big was going to happen. Not sure if it would be bad or good, he nowadays always carried his trunk, broom, and sometimes his entire trust fund shrunken inside his pocket. While everything went back to normal, Harry couldn't, he would still wear his battle robes and have all his weapons on him hidden. Every year since he started at Hogwarts, something bad happened, so he was going to be prepared from now on.

Life with peace was odd. No Voldemort... no worries... nothing.

It was becoming annoying for Harry, as he had nothing to do. He already knew all the NEWT level material. He was tutored by Dumbledore, the Flamels, and several of the most advance and intelligent Order members during the times of war. He easily outclassed Hermione in knowledge and practical usage. Currently, he was Head Boy, Quidditch Captain, and the Hogwarts, most eligible bachelor. Yet after Ginny, he refused to date any other people, he was afraid of feeling all that pain again.

"Harry...." Hermione said quietly.

"Hmm...?" Harry was writing inside his journal. He had always kept a journal with him for as long as he could remember, seeing as he never had a friend until he was 11. It wasn't just any journal either, he even wrote down some of the things he learned on it, and of course, no one could read it without his permission, Harry had enchanted the Journal.

"Would you please say something? It's been like this for the last few months!" Hermione yelled. She was finally starting to crack. Her best friend Harry Potter was just too silent for her tastes.

"Hmm..." Harry replied as he began writing about what had just happened recently. Since the Goblins that were sided with Voldemort during the war, the Wizard World's economy had went into danger zone and many people, like him took their money out of Gringrotts and had placed it inside a endless bag for safe keeping.

"Harry James Potter!" Hermione screeched again.

There were several minutes of silence... Hermione was about to start yelling again until Harry spoke up.

"Don't waste your breath, I just don't feel like talking." Harry said calmly.

"Harry! Gosh! You're talking! Oh my goodness, that's the first time I heard you speak outside of clubs and head boy duties!" She said mocking him to get him to yell or say something.

He didn't fall for it.

Another moment of silence...

She huffed and walked to her room in anger and was probably going to go talk to Ron.

Harry just rolled his eyes and finished his journal. After he was done, Harry left to perform his rounds around Hogwarts. As Head boy, his job was tiring. He had to admit, life was boring without any adventure or problems. Ron was now dating Hermione on and off even though Ron was unfaithful sometimes because of the fame went to his head, but Hermione was just forgiving as usual. It pissed him off that Hermione was so forgiving and Harry was treated as the one who should voice his opinion once those two were dating again. He was the one who should take up sides with who was right in the relationship, but Harry just ignored them and talked only when it was necessary.

During his rounds, he had caught several people kissing in a secluded corner or some people almost half dressed around the castle. Unlike most prefects and Head-boys, Harry didn't give detention unless they didn't listen to the warning he gave them, he just told them go back to their dorm or Filch would find them. When they do ignore him, he would then get annoyed and give them a

week of detentions without a hint of pity. With his Marauders map, he had located every couple in the castle and would always break them up. He was known as the 'The Lone Snog Breaker.' As Head boy, Harry took his duties seriously, and all the teachers and students liked him as Head-boy, even though he was a bit harsh when he starts issuing punishment. Ron was of course jealous that Harry was Head-boy, but every-time Ron would show his distaste in jealous, he would be seeing himself in the Forbidden Forest with Filch for detention or being coldly ignored for the next few weeks. As for snogging and couples meeting up, nobody could use the Room of Requirement, Harry had locked that door and he had made sure of it. Only Dumbledore, the Flamels, or Professor Flitwick could unlock it.

After his rounds were done, Harry sat on a hill outside of Hogwarts. He was allowed to leave the castle whenever he wanted to... it wasn't like anyone could stop him anyway. He could travel through shadows with his Shadow Mage abilities. (1) While sitting under the stars, Harry began to ponder and organize his thoughts. After the final battle had ended, more than half the students in Slytherin were gone. When Harry killed Voldemort, he and everyone linked to him with the Dark Mark died. Snape was later killed because he shown his true colors after 6th year. And as for Draco Malfoy, Harry had killed him personally when he was seen trying to kill a Muggle family and joined the Death Eaters after he had dropped out of Hogwarts early.

When he began finish gathering his thoughts, he decided to go visit Ginny's grave again. At least once a week, he would always take the time to visit her. He remembered he was so excited at the thought of being married to the girl he loved, but now, life really wasn't fair being Harry Potter. Unlike most imaginary stories and romance novels, this one, did not have a happy ending.

He was alone, again.

Ginny was buried at Godric's Hollow where his parents were buried. Harry had requested it since he was engaged to her and had proposed to her that day in which she accepted. The Weasleys had made no rejection, they were happy that Harry had loved Ginny so much that he wanted her buried in the Potter cemetery.

Now standing in front of her grave, Harry had conjured hundreds of red roses around her grave. Harry made small talk to the tomb where his love lay.

After an hour of talking, Harry sat there and stared at the grave. He sighed to himself. He didn't cry, he learned from what Dumbledore told him, death is not just the end, it's just the start of another adventure. An adventure he wanted to accompany his dead fiancée with, not alone. After a few hours of silence he laid his head on her grave and looked up to the stars.

Noticing a shooting star burning in the night sky, he decided to try his luck and make a wish that he wouldn't feel so alone anymore. After a few minutes, he slowly fell asleep by the lake. If he would have looked at the sky again, he would have seen the shooting star explode into bright red-blue stars and when his broken time turner from the battle started to glow and started to spin backward and then vanished.

When Harry woke up the next morning, he was exhausted. He looked around him and noticed something was different.

No... everything was different.

The grave that he had laid his head on was gone! The flowers that he left for the dead were gone also! What the hell happened? He quickly left the area where Ginny's grave was supposed to be and went to his parent grave right away. His eyes widened when he notice it wasn't there either! He remembered he left flowers for them and all the Potters that had died, but several of them were gone!

"If this is some kind of sick joke, I'm going to kill the person responsible in a painful way that even Voldemort would be proud of." Harry said very angrily.

Then he noticed his voice....it sounded like a little kid. Slowly but carefully he looked down at his body and noticed that he had shrunk!

"What the fuck is going on?" Harry shouted in shock.

After a 10 minutes of calming down and examining himself. He made a few conclusions.

He was shrunken into a child! Ginny and his parent's graves weren't here, so... the only conclusion he could come up with was that it was probably some sick joke, he was involved in a scheme, or he just didn't know. He still had all of his shrunken stuff. His clothes were too big for him, so he took out his wand and waved, immediately his clothes shrank to fit his size. Funny, his magic was still at its highest extent even though he was shrunken to a little kid. Finally having enough, he decided to talk to someone about this. His first thought was explore where he was!

Walking into town, he noticed he was still at Godric's Hollow's. When he began asking people questions while he was walking in town, the odd thing that happened was that the wizards and witches in the community weren't that surprised to see him, they even greeted him like they knew him. That wasn't odd because he was of course 'The Hero of Light' but what was odd was there wasn't any people asking for his autograph or people wondering why the-boy-who-lived became a 10 year old.

How strange...

Immediately he began walking off again, but before he could take several more steps someone tackled him and both of them fell to the ground. On instinct, he had almost drawn out his daggers, but he had suddenly remembered that he killed all the death eaters and no one would attack him in broad day light in a wizard town.

Unless it was a Death Eater's family member who was hell bent on revenge...

"Ouch! Hey! You should watch where you're..." Harry smile faded as his comment faded.

The person that tackled him and was now sitting on his chest was a nine or eight-years-old red-haired girl with green eyes that looked exactly like his mum.

"Harry! Where were you! Mummy and Daddy was searching all over for you! You know how worried we've been?" She said teary.

Harry was shocked. What the hell was this little girl talking about? Seeing that she was about to cry, he immediately hugged her and

told her he was fine. He didn't know what he was doing, but he knew it felt right.

When he let her go, she gave him an odd look.

Harry shrugged and asked her if she was ok.

"I'm fine big bro, but where have you been? You've been missing since yesterday! Uncle Sirius and Remus..." But Harry didn't hear the rest.

He froze.

'Big Bro, Uncle Sirius, and Uncle Remus?'

Just what the hell was going on?

"I'm fine, why don't we go back to our parents?" Harry explained calmly. He didn't know what was going on, but he was going along with it. Maybe the girl in front of him needed medical help and she was involved in a world of dreams?

But that did not explain how she knew of Sirius and Remus...

"Ok!" She said excitedly while dragging him by his arm to the house where his parents once lived.

"Hey bro!" The red head said excitedly.

"Yes?" Harry said confused.

"Where did you get those cool robes? You look like one of those wizards in mom's history books that are about to go to war!" She said excited.

"Uhhh...." Harry said unsure what to say.

"Huh?" She gave him a confused look.

Harry was speechless. A girl that resembled his mum and calling him her brother still had not compute into his head.

"Harry!" A hysteric voice screamed.

Glomp!

Before he knew it, he was given a Hermione like hug by a red haired woman who was crying onto his shoulder. He heard multiple footsteps that were approaching.

"Huh?" He said confused.

"Harry!" A bunch people called his name.

When the woman released him, what he saw made him freeze.

His mother... a older looking version of his mother...

'It can't be....' Harry thought to himself wildly.

Immediately he jumped back and got into a fighting hand stance. He didn't pull out any weapons, because he didn't like killing in front of children.

"Harry what?" The woman asked confused while tears were rolling down her eyes.

"Hey what's going on?" A familiar voice spoke from behind the woman, but it sounded rich and healthy.

When Harry saw the person, he couldn't help but shout.

"Sirius! Remus!" Harry shouted seeing both of them looking at him strangely.

"Hey squirt, where have you been? And what are you doing?" Sirius asked giving him a strange look.

"Huh?" Harry noticed he was in a fighting stance aiming directly at the woman who looked like his mother.

The next person he saw he froze. It was his father... like his mother...? He to looked to be older...



"Uhhh...." Harry said unsure. He couldn't feel any killing intent or anything dark from any of the strangers. Their aura had only showed love and kindness. So he didn't attack.

"Harry we been looking all over for you. You didn't come home yesterday!" His father yelled.

Harry was looking unsure what to do so he spoke softly.

"Sorry dad." Harry said in a low voice with shame in it. He didn't know what was going on, but he decided to play along.

Everyone gave him a strange look.

"Is something wrong?" Harry asked kindly.

"Harry... " The little girl spoke up.

"You never apologize." Lily said finished while looking shocked.

Harry didn't know what to do, so he shrugged.

There was a moment of silence.

"Anyway, let's go kid, you had us all worried." Sirius said calmly as he put his hand over his shoulder.

They all nodded and left to go back to Godric's Hollow. Harry went carefully. He was fully alert. He may not sense danger, but he was cautious. He didn't think anyone noticed, besides the nine-year-old red head. She looked like nothing was unusual.

"Hey squirt, you ok?" Sirius asked.

Harry nodded. He didn't trust himself to speak.

When they approached the huge manor... Harry was feeling uneasy. He tried to ignore it, but couldn't when you're surrounded by 4 people that are suppose to be dead.

"We found Harry!" Remus shouted.

Harry heard people cheered from another room. There was some rumbling until they were now in front of him. Harry thought he was seeing things. It was obvious that the people in front of him were his brothers and sisters, supposedly. What else he saw were what must be Sirius' children and wife, a woman he had never heard or seen before.

He just gave them a blank look and analyzed each of them. He wasn't even paying attention while they were talking. He snapped out of it, when everyone left to go do some things and was left alone with his mother.

"Harry dear, what's wrong? You look like you've seen a ghost." She said checking his forehead.

"Errr...." Harry said unsure.

"And where did you get those robes? They must have been expensive! I know I didn't buy you that." She said wondering.

"Err... I bought it with the money I saved up." Harry said uncertain if it was the right answers or not. Thankfully it was because she turned around and went toward another room, it was the kitchen. Harry followed.

When he entered, he noticed how beautiful the home was. It was a nice family home. He felt somewhat happy. He didn't know why. As he sat on the chair, he watched his mother begin cooking, as he sat at the table thinking about everything.

After some crazy theories and thoughts, and it came to him.

He was in an Alternative Universe, and he was younger as well.

He was snapped out of his thoughts when he heard his mother speak.

"Harry, what's wrong? Usually you would go play practice playing pranks or talking about Quidditch with Leon or Alex. You're awfully quiet." She said as she analyzed her son's expression.

"Mum...?" Harry asked.

"Yes dear?" She responded while giving him an odd look.

He spoke in an embarrassing way.

"Can I hug you?" Harry asked.

She didn't know why he just asked that question, but she nodded. She was surprised when he just jumped up and hugged her. What she heard next made her smile and really appreciated her son's love.

"Mum...I... I love you so much." Harry cried for the first time in a long time. He broke down and sobbed onto her apron. She smelled so sweet. The warmth and love she was giving him in her arms made him so comfortable... he loved it.

"Shh...everything will be ok." She said unsure. She didn't know what was going on, but she liked it. However something different about him, he was quiet, polite, and seemed like a dear to her. Normally her son would be loud, rash, rude, and she had to admit, annoying. Yet the person in her arms was different.

After a few moments, she released him and went back to cooking. Harry on the other hand just watched her the whole time. She saw him watching her, and sometimes he would look away embarrassed, but when she caught his green eyes staring at her; she would wink at him and giggle when she saw him flushing red and looking away. It reminded her of when she was back at Hogwarts when the guys would stare at her dreamily.

Harry on the other hand couldn't help but admire his mother. She cooked fluidly like him when he did it for the Dursleys. His mother was quite the beauty, he had to admit, she looked very beautiful compared to the pictures he saw. For some reason, she looked somewhat like Ginny except for the eyes and his mother was much more filled out.

After an hour or so, everyone came down for lunch. Harry immediately sat by his mother. He didn't say anything, but listened to all the conversations that were going on. He quickly learned all his brothers and sister names from the small conversations, as well as Sirius' children's. Harry so far was the oldest from what he could tell, Sakura and Rosa were twins and both were red heads. Sakura had green eyes from their mother, and Rosa had brown like their dad.

Leon had black hair like him, but brown eyes like his dad as well. Sylvia had black hair with green eyes. Little Lily, the youngest of the Potters had red hair and green eyes. She was an exact replica of his mother, but a mini-size.

Sirius' children were a surprise. He learned that Sirius' wife's name was Amy. She was a half Japanese and half American Veela. (She helped Lily name her daughter Sakura because of her red hair.) Alex was the oldest of the Black family with his twin Yuna, who was a girl. Alex looked exactly like Sirius with black hair, blue eyes. Yuna on the other hand was like her mother. She had silver-blond hair with bright silver blue eyes. Yuna is best friends with Sakura and Rosa since they were the same age. Amanda was a mixture; she had slight brown hair with a tint of black and blue eyes. Baby Eric had black hair, and blue eyes.

Lily and James

Harry- 10

Sakura- 9

Rosa- 9

Leon- 8

Sylvia- 4

Lily- 3

Sirius and Amy

Alex- 9

Yuna- 9

Amanda- 5

Eric- 2

Both families were funny. Everyone was making jokes and they all seemed to get along.. The girls were having girl talks, while the guys were talking about pranks, broomsticks, and Quidditch. His silence

did not go un-noticed, but everyone just ignored it. They probably thought he wasn't feeling well, except for the adults.

Harry didn't need to hear it, but he assumed that Remus didn't have any children, because of his werewolf nature.

He was snapped out of his thoughts when his mom spoke to him.

"Harry, where were you yesterday?" Lily asked. A few people had stopped talking and began listening to hear his response.

Harry nervous being in the center of attention spoke quietly.

"I was just wondering around the graveyard, I was saying small prayers to the Potter family. You know, show respect to the dead. It's quite peaceful there."

The adults nodded and continued to chat, but Lily was giving him an odd look. Maybe she knew Legimency? No, Harry was a master Occulmencer who rivaled Dumbledore and even Voldemort couldn't penetrate his mental barriers without him noticing.

When lunch ended, Harry began to wander around the house until he found his room, which was pretty big. He had the latest Nimbus 2000. He laughed inwardly; he still had his Firebolt in his trunk, luckily he didn't forget it. Making up his mind on what to do, he went to the family library and started to read on history. He wanted to know what happened in this dimension.

What he learned shocked him. Harry's parents were never attacked during the 1st war. Voldemort attacked the Longbottoms first, and Neville became The-Boy-Who-Lived. Neville's parents were not home during the attack, but his Aunt and Uncle who was there baby sitting him that day, did not survive the attack, and Neville was left with a lightning bolt scar. Harry on the other hand, he finally noticed while reading, he didn't have his scar anymore. He wondered if he still had his Parsel-tongue ability. Looking around to make sure the coast was clear, he conjured a wand-less snake and spoke.

"Hello..." Harry hissed.

"What is it that you desire master?" The silvery-red viper hissed.

Yeah, he still had his Parsel-tongue ability, which seemed odd. With a quick banishing charm, he went back to reading on some more history.

After he finished on what he had come to the library for... He had learned that after there was a mass clean out for the other Death Eaters, information was given from Karkaroff that Peter Pettigrew was also a Death Eater, he was quickly comprehended and nothing was mentioned about the Potter's after that. The history book mentioned that when Peter Pettigrew was captured, his punishment was for him to be given the Dementor's kiss. However, because of its cruelty, he was spared. He had earned three life sentences to Azkaban, and was still alive to this day.

How that weak pitiful bastard was able to live this long, he did not know...

It felt odd knowing who you're supposed to be, but were now someone else. Not that Harry didn't mind, he didn't like all that fame anyway. He had always wondered what life would have been like watching himself from another P.O.V. and now he had his chance. Harry smiled. Things were actually looking good for him. He didn't notice it was already late at night and past dinnertime already until there was a knock on the doorway. Looking around, he noticed it was his Mum, Dad, and Sirius. Closing the history book, Harry gave them a look that said 'Go ahead and speak.'

"Hey kid, you missed dinner." Sirius said as cheerful as usual. He was holding two-year-old Eric who gave him a sleepy gaze.

Harry nodded. For some reason, he didn't want to return back to his dimension now that he was living in a dimension where his parents survived. He still was uncomfortable with several people who were supposed to be dead talking to him.

"Harry...what's wrong?" Lily asked.

"Huh? Oh mum, nothing...just nothing...tired I guess." Harry said not meeting her eye.

"Harry? Is something wrong? You're acting funny, you had not playing a prank the entire day with Leon or Alex, and you've been

studying in the library which is very unusual." Sirius said while holding 2 year old Eric.

"Sorry Sirius." Harry said turning back around. He couldn't look at them at the moment. He was in another dimension. He wondered if he would have to go home if they found who he truly was...

"Harry...what's wrong?" Lily asked.

"Huh? Oh mum, nothing... just nothing... tired I guess." Harry said not meeting her eye.

"Harry? Something is wrong. You're acting funny, you haven't made any fun at your brother or sisters, you had not play a prank the entire day, you start calling Sirius without the Uncle prefix, and you've been studying in the library, which is very unusual. You never study." James said bluntly.

Harry had the shame to look guilty but had not said anything. He couldn't reveal to them who he was.

After a few moments of silence, Harry spoke.

"It's nothing. I just...need some space. Good night dad, mum, uncle Sirius, I love you all." Harry said quietly while leaving the room with several books in hand.

After he left, Sirius looked at James and Lily.

"You know, the way he speaks, he sounded like he's about to die or leave." Sirius said confused.

"Sirius! Don't joke around like that!"

"Well he is about to go Hogwarts mate." James replied ignoring his wife's comment.

Lily went silent. She was equally confused.

Before Harry went to bed, he began to work out. He noticed this body was healthy and all, but it had little muscle. So he decided to start buffing up, he needed to get in strong shape so he could become as strong as he was when he fought Voldemort. He

promised himself that he would help Neville defeat the Dark Lord. What he read in the History book amazed him. Voldemort wasn't even as powerful he was in his world. If this was true, he could defeat Voldemort quite easily, but what of the Prophecy?

"I'll think of that later."

Putting that thought away, he went to sleep after his workout.

The next month at Godric's Hollow was fun. He loved every moment with his family. He had found a journal where the Harry Potter that Harry replaced was living. He read throughout the journal and began to understand his life so that he would not prevent suspicion. One day after he was done training early in the morning. He decided to do something nice for his family.

He always wanted to do something when he had his own family one day...one day when he married Ginny. He didn't even notice when his mum and sisters walked in on him when he was in the kitchen cooking breakfast. (Before he cooked he had set off all of their alarms so that he could cook for them.) He learned that the girls all cooked breakfast with his mum... well their mum. He was a great cook thanks to the Dursleys. He had great practice and the Dursleys would always prefer Harry's food over his Aunt Petunia's. His cooking was to die for. Something even Mrs. Weasley praised and said he would be the perfect husband one day for Ginny. He was snapped out of his thoughts when he heard his father and his brothers run down stairs for breakfast. From what he saw at lunch yesterday, they ate a lot. When he turned around, he froze. His mother and his sisters were watching him with a smile. He was wearing blue jeans and a white t-shirt with a white apron that belonged to his mother.

"Well Harry, I never knew you knew how to cook." His sister Sakura said sweetly while eyeing the food hungrily.

Harry stuttered.

"Uhh... yeah I do... I've been practicing while you girls haven't been in the kitchen. I wanted to do something special for you girls since you always have to put up with us lazy guys." Harry said remembering what the journal had said. The old Harry wanted to do



something nice for his family one day, so he was trying to learn how to cook, but the old Harry failed miserably.

Lily smiled and kissed Harry on the cheek and murmured.

"I'm so proud of you Harry." Harry blushed while his sisters made girly comments. Most boys his age would have gagged from the comments they were making, but Harry took it as a compliment. He never had family commenting on his food before.

"Hey, what's that smell? It smells great! I knew I married you for a reason Lily!" James exclaimed while looking at the French-toast, eggs, sausage, biscuits, and pancakes when he entered the kitchen with Harry's other brother.

Lily giggled with her daughters when James kissed her.

"Sorry James, I wasn't the one cooking this time..." Lily said smiling.

"What? Then it must be my beautiful daughters!" James said eyeing them appraisingly.

"Err... Sorry dad, I hate to bust your bubble, but we didn't cook this." Rosa said smiling mischievously while winking at Harry.

"That's right, Harry cooked it." Sakura said munching on the food before anyone could taste it.

"What? Harry...? You cooked it? Wow, when did you learn how to..."

"Wow!" Sakura said shocked.

"Is it poisoned?" Leon asked.

"No you moron, its great! Sorry mum, no offense but Harry's food tastes a lot better." Sakura said open-mouthed.

"What? No way, your mum has the best cooking there is." That said, everyone started to munch, except for Harry who was watching his family. He anxiously glanced at all of them to see how they would take it. Everybody was shocked at the cooking.

"Say Harry...is there a potion to make it taste good?" Rosa asked while munching on the food hungrily.

"Honestly, it tastes really good bro." Sakura comment as she pulled began to eat her breakfast in a way Ron would eat his.

"Yeah!" Sylvia chirped.

"Yum!" Little Lily giggled.

"Wow, Harry you're a great cook, but mum's French toast is better." Leon said amazed at his brothers cooking.

James was just speechless. His son Harry's cooking was awesome. He hated to admit it, but it was way better then his wife's or the House elf's at Hogwarts. He just couldn't comment. He just continued eating.

Lily was speechless as well. She's started cooking ever since they got married, and she couldn't cook food this good. Just a while ago, the way Harry was moving in the kitchen was beautiful. He was moving fluidly with grace as if he had been doing it all his life.

"Harry, this is wonderful! Would you like to cook breakfast for now on?" His mother said excitedly.

Harry blushed at the comment while he was feeding little Lily.

"Honestly, it was just a one-time thing and...."

To be continued...

End Note: Special thanks to xadro(dot)net forum community. I have written a smut chapter loosely based on this story. It can be found at xadro(dot)net under the "Works by Authors" board(You must be a member to get access to this board).

## Rebirth Part 2

By: Mohd7590

I admire the world of the books and the characters that she's created, but I'm not an addict of Harry Potter. I don't feel possessive about it. Ralph Fiennes

"Honestly, it was just a one-time thing and...."

"Yeah." Sakura said sarcastically, "One time thing my butt!" She said annoyed that Harry didn't want to cook every morning.

"Sakura! Language! Harry your cooking is way better than mine and..." His mother said softly but Harry interrupted.

"It's ok mom, I'll help you cook, but I won't cook all of it, I liked your cooking as well." Harry said, even though he never ate his mother's cooking yet. Yesterday afternoon they had sandwiches. That could hardly count as cooking.

Lily smiled and kissed Harry on the cheek.

"My sweet little boy, I'm sure the girls would go after you immediately when they find out you know how to cook. Just wait till you're older." Lily smiled.

Harry blushed.

Ding

What was that Harry? Are you cooking anything else?" Lily asked while everyone was giving him hungry looks.

Harry nodded in reply.

"It's chocolate, blue berry, and peanut butter cookies. Little snacks." Harry said casually while getting up to the table and heading to the oven.

"Cookies? But we don't have cookies!" Lily said surprised.

"Oh, that's because I made it from scratch." Harry said not noticing his family's awed looks.

When he pulled it out of the oven, they could smell the freshly baked cookies. The moment he put it on the table to cool down they took it regardless of his warnings of hot food.

Lily was amazed, when you thought the breakfast he made was great, his cookies were to die for. She had never eaten peanut butter cookies before and she had to admit, it was great.

There were a lot of 'Wows' 'Cool' 'Tastes great!'

"Well Harry, I would appreciate if you started cooking for us for now on. No offense honey." James said kissing his wife's cheek.

Harry blushed again at the comments.

"Harry you're really good, how long have you been practicing?" Lily asked ignoring her husband's comment.

Everyone was listening. They all wanted to hear it from Harry.

"Well since I was 6 years old. I read in a book about how kids should show parents love by doing something special for them, so I decided to practice cooking!" Harry said making a little lie. Truthfully, he just said whatever the journal said. The journal was written pretty badly at the age of 6. He was shocked his mother just got up and hugged him fiercely. She had small tears running down her cheek.

"Oh Harry, my sweet baby boy is all growing up. And to think all this time, I thought you were just a trouble maker and a prank addict like your father!" She said through tears while ignoring her husband's 'Hey! I resent that!'

Harry gave her an awkward pat on the back and smiled brightly. He loved making his mum smile. It made him warm and gooey.

After everyone finished eating, Sirius came over at the end of breakfast with his kids. Harry knew they would be coming for breakfast; it said in the journal that Sirius would always come over at the end of breakfast and eat some. It said they were rival eaters of the Potters. Harry had to admit, they ate like Ron. When they started to eat, they were awed by the food.

"Merlin's beard, Lily this is great! Did you cook all of this with your daughters?" Sirius asked while his children were digging in as well.

Lily smiled and pointed it at Harry.

"Nope, it was Harry! He decided to show how much he loves us by cooking for us." Lily said looking fondly at a pink face Harry who was reading *Hogwarts, A History*.

"What? Wow Harry, you're not getting soft on your father and I, are you? You have better not stop doing pranks! You got to live up to... Ouch Lily!" Sirius said getting hit on the head by Harry's mum. Everyone laughed.

While everyone finished eating, everyone went to go handle their business while Harry was sitting in the living room reading about *Hogwarts, A history*. Who would have thought the book was so interesting? So far the only thing that changed was who The Boy Who Lived truly was and that Peter Pettigrew was captured.

He was snapped out of his thoughts when someone sat next to him. He instantly recognized the girl was Yuna, Sirius oldest daughter, and twin of Alex. From what the journal said, she had a huge crush on him, but the old Harry would laugh at her and make fun of her, which he didn't think it was funny whatsoever. He knew how it felt knowing to have a crush on someone and they make fun of you because of it. It was like how he was back at the Dursleys. Sirius

wife was very traditional in the Japanese Arts. Harry had already seen Sirius wife wear a beautiful Kimono, it was a breathtaking traditional outfit. He could already imagine his mother possibly wearing it and definitely Ginny.

Oh yes... Ginny... (Drool...)

Harry went into a daze at the thought of Ginny in a Kimono....

"Hi Harry... your cooking was great, especially the blue berry and peanut butter muffins." She said shyly while looking at her feet.

"Thank you Yuna. I love cooking. I just always hid it from mum. Do you cook for your family?" Harry asked, being polite. He wanted to be nice to her, for all he knew, things would look for him if they became friends.

She gave him a surprised smile, usually he would act like a showoff, but her Harry was different now. She had noticed that he grew muscle since the last time she saw him. Without even thinking, she couldn't help but blurt out.

"You've been working out?" She asked while eyeing his see through white shirt. She was admiring all his muscles.

"Err... yes, I have, well... like I was saying... do you cook?" Harry asked again blushing at her comment. Even with a 17 year old mind, a 9 year old girl can still make him blush.

It was her time to blush.

"Sorry, I was off track, yes I like to cook, mum and grandma says it traditional for woman to cook while men should work." Yuna said shyly while looking into his eyes. He was a lot kinder to her then he had ever been. She liked it when Harry wasn't being a prat. He was so mature, for someone their age of course.

"Tradition? Oh yeah, I forgot, your grandma is Japanese. Well in my opinion, I think Japanese people are being unfair. I think men should cook to! Women are equal to us guys and we are not different, maybe different organs, but not attitude wise. When I get older, I want a wife to be herself, not some maid who has to do my every bidding. We're equal, so we all deserve respect and..." He shut up instantly when he was hugged firmly.

"Huh...?" Harry said in shock.

"Harry..." She said on his shoulder.

"Huh...?" Harry said again in shock, she just hugged him, and he didn't even know why.

"Harry that was the most respectful thing I had ever heard you say! You're really something Harry." Yuna said smiling at Harry sweetly. She was definitely falling for him now. She may be young, but she definitely liked Harry.

Her Harry...

Harry scratched the back of his head nervously while blushing.  
"Yeah... well... err... uh huh." Harry stuttered. She was closing in on him...

Not so far away...

James, Sirius, Lily, Amy, and the children were eavesdropping on them. When they heard what Harry said, the girls 'Aww' and 'That's my brother' and 'You raised him well Lily.' It was like a cute children relationship. The mothers were smiling like mad, while James and Sirius were silent cheering. They were hoping that one of their children would fall in love and marry each other one day and make them a real bonded family, without the marriage contract taking that they both signed without the knowledge of their respected wives. They all knew Harry was an ass to her before, but now... they now all thought better of him. He changed, and it was a good change.

What they saw next made them smile even wider. Yuna was taking the initiative. She was going to kiss him! Everyone was silently cheering by the stairs. Yuna's brother Alex was grinning interestingly. Poor Little Lily didn't understand so she just yanked her mum's shirt while trying to ask what was going on.

Right before she was about to kiss him... the two was interrupted by a burst of green flames by the fireplace.

Right before Yuna could kiss Harry, the chimney flames burst green and out walked a confused Remus. Harry immediately took the time to jump away from Yuna and fell face forward while trying to get away. When he saw Remus who was giving them an odd look, Harry bolted up to his room. Yuna gave her god-father, her uncle Remus a glare. She was about to say something, but her parents that was hiding from the stairs spoke before she did.

"Damn it Moony! Why did you interrupt?" Sirius shouted while jumping around like a rapid dog.

"Remus Lupin! How could you?" Amy shouted equally annoyed as Lily Potter.

Remus just looked at them like they were crazy. He didn't know what was going on.

Yuna on the other hand...

"What? You guys were eavesdropping?" She shouted in horror! Immediately some of them looked ashamed.

After that incident, Harry was avoiding Yuna like a plague. He inwardly wondered if it was Yuna's Veela nature that caused her to do that. Every time their mothers saw Yuna being avoided by a

quick Harry, they gave Remus disapproving looks. When they explained to Remus, he smiled slyly and said. "I never thought James would have to start explaining to him the birds and the bees at ten years old."

Harry had not known that they were eavesdropping in the conversation earlier, but he did notice that the girls in the family and Sirius family were treating him even more kindly than usual which confused him. They were nice before, but they were now even nicer, if it was possible, to find out what they were being nice to him, he sent a mind probe on Sirius, he was unhappy to find out that Sirius and his father signed a marriage contract between him and Yuna, the worst part of this was that his mother didn't know, neither Amy. Even though he found out about this information He still avoided Yuna, but it didn't help that whenever she came, they were under the same house, so Harry either stayed in his room or went flying. He never flew when his family was out flying. He learned that in the journal that Harry was pathetic in flying, and he was too scared, but he would at least still try and practice for the sake of his family. It would look odd if his family saw him now, a pathetic flyer into one of the best suddenly.

When the day of his birthday approached, he was happy that they made a birthday party for him. He was happy. His mother and Ms. Black made some excellent cake. It wasn't a big party. Harry learned that he didn't have many friends either, only the Blacks and a few other children in Godric's Hollow. One thing was for sure. He had a lot of admirers at Godric's Hollow.

When Harry went swimming with his family that day, when he saw his mother in a revealing bathing suit, he turned bright red and turned away. Thank god no one saw. He was still a teenager in his mind, and because his mother just looked so beautiful, he couldn't help it. Even with several kids, she still looked young and gorgeous. His father, James did look as athletic as a swimmer, he was still an Auror. He heard that his father could have been a Quidditch Player, but he rejected the offer. There were Quidditch teams that were still asking him to join, but he refused. While they were swimming his mother commented on him.

"Harry... have you been working out?" His mother said looking at her eldest son in awe.

Everyone stared. Of course the girls already noticed. The guys had just realized it.

"Yeah, I've been working out lately, trying to increase my pace in Quidditch." Harry said shortly. "I want to join the Quidditch team if possible."

"You're flying the broom we got you Harry? I didn't think you would continue to fly. I thought you were afraid of heights." James said looking at his son. He wanted to see how Harry flew now that Harry wasn't afraid of heights.

"Yeah I'm flying the broom you got me. Thanks dad by the way. No, I'm not afraid of heights anymore. I learned to not fear it while flying. I want to live up to your reputation in Quidditch dad. I'm not so good, but I'm ok. It's not my thing." Harry lied.

James smiled. His son was so different these past several weeks. He had to admit, he liked his son's new personality. Except when he longer wanted to play pranks, but other then that, Harry was now everything he wanted from a son. He just hoped Harry would become a powerful wizard in the near future and that he would be more interested Quidditch like the rest of the family. He was so much like Lily as of late... it was scary.

How clueless his father was, when he did not know that Harry was already powerful and very interested in Quidditch.

Harry had to suppress his magic. He knew if he had a high magical input, Dumbledore would notice. So he hid it. His Magical suppressor was given to him by Nicholas Flamel so it could control his power so it wouldn't go out of control. However he knew the suppressor would one day break. It could only hold so much magical raw power, so every once in a while when the suppressor would reach his limit, he would go to a secluded area and blow off some of his magical power. He didn't bother hiding his Occulmency shields. He didn't want to get caught off guard by Severus Snape or Dumbledore.

Later that night, Harry received an owl from Hogwarts. It was his invitation to Hogwarts. He faked jump for joy and told his parents. They were happy and smiling. Harry could tell it was strained. They didn't want Harry to leave the house. It was hard for parents to depart with their children. His mum stopped him late that night when he was to go to bed.

"Harry..." Lily said stopping him.

"Yes mum?" Harry smiled.

She smiled back and told him to sit on his bed.

He did so and watched her sat down next to him.

"Harry honey... I'm going to miss you." She said sniffing a little bit when she hugged him.

"I'm going to miss you to mum." He said whispered to her back softly. Her voice was so beautiful.



"I know you will, but promise me you'll stay out of trouble?" She asked.

"Of course, I'm not a trouble maker." Harry said simply.

"You use to be." She answered back while holding him dearly.

"Don't worry mom, I'll make you proud by studying hard and being the best in my class."

They were both quiet for a few minutes until Harry broke it.

"Mum?"

"Yes dear."

"Promise me... that you'll always love me and will never forget me."

Harry said in a serious voice that made her look at him in shock.

"Harry... W-what?" She stuttered. She was confused. Why was Harry talking like he was about to die?

"It's just, when I come home... I want to be with you mum, always... with dad, Leon, Sakura, Rosa, Sylvia, and little Lily. I hate going to a place where I'll be alone." Harry said quietly. Honestly he was afraid that one day he might have to return back to his world. He noticed that his time-turner was missing but he no longer cared.

Since the day he had stepped into this world, he had loved every minute and moment of it.

'So that's why...' Lily thought.

"Harry..." She whispered, but Harry hushed her, and snuggled onto her and fell asleep.

She heard him say quietly.

"I will love you always mum, always... no matter what."

She smiled at her loving son. He was so strange and silent nowadays, and would read most of the time instead of playing pranks when James had offered to give him some tips and ideas. He was very caring and very protective over the family now. She would watch him while he played with Little Lily and Sylvia. Lily had now absolutely adored him. She liked him more than her father, James. The way he acted, he seemed older and mature for his age. She was amused at the thought of Harry having children of his own one day. She smiled at him and held him lovingly while falling asleep next to him.

Harry on the other hand, was happy. He was happy that he would now have a good family. The past two months was the happiest he had ever been and he loved every moment with them.

A/N: Special thanks to xadro(dot)net community!

## Chapter 2: Summer's End

When Harry woke up early next morning, he felt someone warm next to him. Opening his eyes, he saw one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen in his entire life lying asleep in front of him...

His mother...

She was so beautiful, like a goddess. He could never stop saying it. How could someone his age have such a beautiful mom?

He smiled and put her to bed with care. It was a bit difficult with a small body, but he succeeded. Today was the day he was going to Diagon Alley to get his supplies. He asked yesterday to go alone, but his mum said no the moment he asked. He asked his dad who usually let the kids do whatever they want, but he told Harry no as well. So he did what every kid did when they were children. He pouted. His mom admitted he looked very adorable when he pouted. He had flushed red and stopped.

Today he was going to go to Diagon Alley with his mum. His Dad had wanted to go, but he was going to go watch the kids. Not like he did it really well. He just let his brother and sisters do whatever they wanted. He couldn't believe his mum had trusted dad so thoroughly.

Maybe that was what being married was all about...

Kissing his mother's forehead, he went downstairs silently to not wake anyone up. He began cooking while humming a song that he heard on a muggle radio. It was a called hummingbird. Harry would always hum the song when he and Ginny were together sleeping. Speaking of Ginny, he felt kind of guilty about her, he had only thought about her a few times since he came to this dimension. But then he cheered up knowing that he would see Ginny again. But even the fact of seeing Ginny scared him, 'what if she doesn't like me' he thought. The old Ginny even admitted that, in the beginning she only liked Harry because he was the boy-who-lived. Now that Harry thought about it, what if she lied? Ginny never went against him, whatever he asked, she did without hesitation.

Harry was snapped out of his thoughts when his mother kissed him on the cheek and helped him cook breakfast.

Now that Harry would help his mother cook most of the time, his sisters got off easy. He loved his sisters dearly; they were all so cheerful and happy. Harry knew his sisters loved him to bits, and he loved them to.

"Harry..." His mother said interrupting his thoughts.

"Yes mum?" Harry gave her his biggest kid smile which made her smiled warmly.

"After we're done cooking, we're going to eat without them, and leave early. The earlier we leave the better." His mum said while they were putting the finishing touches on the food.

Harry had to admit, his mother was like a mixture of Hermione and Ginny. She was smart, strict, kind, loving, fun, outgoing, and everything you ever desired for a mother. She loved to read, and she complimented him when she saw him reading. She detested it when they played Quidditch. Apparently, Harry was the only one in the family so far that loved to read next to Rosa and Little Lily. Little Lily was already reading baby stories at the age of three.

After they finished their breakfast, the two had left the moment the rest of the family started to come downstairs to eat breakfast.

Harry had loved hanging out with his mum. You could have said he was a momma's boy, and he would admit it whole heartily. Though he loved his father, he loved his mother more than his father. He would have told them about his Shadow abilities, but decided to keep it hidden until the time was right. It would seem suspicious if he became very powerful at a young age. He's wasn't The Boy Who Lived in this dimension. He didn't want to be all over the Daily Prophet or attract Voldemort's attention. It was best to hide his full power, the less people who knew about his abilities the better. Like Moody said, 'Constant Vigilance.' Plus people would want to know how he got so powerful. He knew he was going to have to find a good excuse.

The first thing his mother and him had done in Diagon Alley was go to Gringotts, much to Harry's displeasure. He had not forgotten

about what the Goblins did in his dimension in the last war. They had sided with Voldemort and tried to crush the economy and had failed to realize they screwed themselves over. With that in thought, the Ministry, and the entire Order of the Phoenix launched an assault on Gringrotts.

Hoping that the Dark Lord would not forsake them, they stayed and fought for three days.

The Dark Lord never came to assist them knowing a defeat when they saw one...

With no other choice, the Goblins had surrendered to the Ministry and the Order of the Phoenix.

With their surrender, the Goblins were under heavy guard at all times and people who once left their money inside Gringrotts had it removed in fear of the Goblins would try and steal it. They were now heavily mistrusted and people who held partnerships with them had it destroyed and stayed away from them. The Goblins lost a lot of customers because of their mistake, not to mention, the economy in the magical world went down in a dramatically way.

'I have to make sure this doesn't happen the second time around' Harry thought. 'Maybe I should come up with a plan just encase the economy crumbles' this plan seemed very easy to accomplish. He would take some of the fortune he had with him and convert it into muggle money. This way, he could invest in foreign companies and banks(he sure didn't want his money in England). Most wizards don't know this but the Galleon is worthless in the muggle world. Galleons only contain 5% gold and that is only to give it color,. So basically, it is worthless in the eyes of muggle investors and gold related businesses.

Getting back to his trip with his mother in Diagon Alley, they had a lot of fun there. He went clothes shopping with his mother and had ice cream. She loved ice cream. His mother would model and ask him if he liked what she wore. Harry made the right comment when he told her that she looked beautiful in anything. That got him a kiss on the cheek and a hug. Harry saw Neville with his parents, they looked young and healthy. The moment he saw Neville he didn't like him one bit, when you look at him, you could tell he was stuck-up, and spoiled. But he didn't want to judge him at that moment. He was

going to wait to get to know him first, then judge him. Though, for some reason, Harry had a feeling Neville was like Draco Malfoy. The way Neville was walking and with his nose in the air in Diagon Alley, he acted like he owned the place. Harry was kind of glad that he wasn't raised in the wizard world. He would probably be a spoiled brat if he grew up with his parents if he survived the Killing curse. When they were out of earshot, his mum spoke up.

"So that was The Boy Who Lived." His mum spoke in a sarcastic tone when they saw Neville whining about not first years getting to play Quidditch.

Harry smiled. His mother had a sharp tongue when she was sarcastic and if you knew her well enough.

"Mum, you don't like them?" Harry asked. He remembered hearing that the Longbottoms were friends with the Potters in his time, but he never heard his parents say anything about them in this dimension.

"I use to like them, our families use to be best friends until their son became The Boy Who Lived. They are very difficult to handle and big headed. They act like they run the place. Ever since their son survived the Killing curse, Frank Longbottom was promoted to a Captain of Magical Law Enforcement, even when he didn't earn it. Even though he is equal to your father in ranking, he treats everyone around him like they are underclass. Alice was a sweet person, but she changed when her son survived the Killing curse. They were such great friends to, now they act as if they were the Malfoys. I swear, they are so....." Lily trailed off slightly angry while mumbling angry phrases.

Harry tried to calm his mother down. Harry was proud to hear that his father was the Captain of Magical Law Enforcement. Harry's father earned his rank as Captain of the Auror Division, but Frank Longbottom or so he heard from his father and Sirius that he only got it because of his son. Harry knew only one way to stop his mother from blowing up. He was the only one in his family that could do the technique. It was something he created recently.

Immediately he held her fiercely and said "Mum, you're scaring me." Harry said in a pathetic sorry child like voice. Inwardly, Harry was a bit embarrassed for doing this. He had never played the pathetic

little child before. He just hoped his Arch-enemy Draco Malfoy was not present or he would have died in embarrassment.

She immediately stopped her muttering and apologized to him with a warm hug and a kiss on the nose.

Harry smiled at her. For some reason, out of the entire family, he was closest with her nowadays.

After they were done shopping, the last place they went to was the wand shop, 'Ollivander's.' They saw the Longbottoms leave from the wand shop. They were looking grim. Harry recognized the wand that Neville was holding. It was the Holly Phoenix wand. Well Harry knew immediately he wasn't getting that wand.

The moment they entered, Harry sensed the old man behind them with an invisibility spell. The moment he was about to reveal himself, Harry turned around with a dagger in his hand ready to strike him.

"Hello Ms. Lily Evan Potter. 10 inches Willow with Unicorn hair correct?" Ollivander said eyeing Harry with an analyzing look, very curious about the young boy. Harry didn't trust that look, so he stayed quiet.

"Yes that's correct Mr. Ollivander."

"Yes. Let's get down to business shall we? Mr. Potter, which arm is your wand hand?" Ollivander asked.

Harry smiled and answered.

"I am Ambidextrous." Harry said ignoring his mothers gasp. He had purposely left his double wands at home. He knew Ollivander could sense wands because he was a Wand Crafter. Harry hoped the man kept this quite, he really didn't want Dumbledore or the ministry finding out. Dumbledore because the old wizard might try to use him in order to give Longbottom an edge and the Ministry because he really didn't wanna spend his time locked up in the Department of Mysteries and questioned by stupid unspeakable.

"Sweetie, you can write with both hands? How come you never told us?" She said in surprise.

Harry shrugged. "I thought you had already known." He gave her a warm smile to calm her down. It wasn't necessary a lie, he just started learning how to use both hands at once when he was taught how to duel with both hands by Nicholas Flamel and his wife.

"Yes... that's interesting." Ollivander said while the tape measures were working furiously.

For some reason, it felt forever, Ollivander was getting excited. The wands he tried were twice as much more than last time.

He kept murmuring to himself looking excited.

When no wands would be compatible with Harry, he spoke.

"Mr. Potter, I have given you all my wands that was to match your capabilities, it seems like none would accept you." Ollivander said to himself.

"What? That can't be right!" Harry said shocked. That can't be right. There had to be at least one wand in this shop! He wasn't planning to use his old wands often. That was for sure. There was no telling how his wand would react to Neville's wand if it got too close.

"However... I do have several wands that you might be able to use. Mind you, it has never worked on anybody though. So don't keep your hopes up." He said while walking to the back. When he returned, he was carrying a decorated box that must be holding some powerful wands inside.

"Mr. Potter, these wands I have in this box, belong to very important wizards and witches from the past, ancient and powerful wizards from our old history that were known to be legendary." He said opening the box.

Taking a glance inside the box... Harry had to admit, the wands were impressive. Unlike normal wands that are just one solid color wands, these were decorated with gold and silver trimmings and the designs on the wand made them look fancier and more majestic.

For some reason, he felt very drawn to one of them. He didn't hear Ollivander murmur about the wand he was about hold once belonged to someone.

The moment he touched it, he felt complete. It shot out multiple different colored sparks at once. To complete with the mixture, he glowed a bright green. Lily immediately clapped and cheered for her son. She was slightly impressed at seeing her son glow with the bonding with his wand. It was said that those who glow with their bonding of wands possessed very powerful magic.

"That is quite impressive." Ollivander said carefully as he to clearly notice the bright glow.

"What's impressive?" Harry asked calmly. He wasn't that impressed. All it did was shot out sparks out as usual, however, this time, he was glowing a bit.

"I'm sure you may not have heard me, but that wand had once belonged to the Great Wizard King Azeroth." Ollivander said more to himself then to Harry.

Lily gasped. Harry heard her whisper.

"That wand belonged to the last wizard king Azeroth." She murmured while looking at her son in awe.

"Azeroth?" Harry said clueless. He wasn't that good in history.

"The Wizard King Azeroth was a Light wizard who fought hundreds of Dark Wizards and Witches on his own while defending the Wizard World. He was the last Shadow Mage the wizard world had ever had. He was a great ruler, but he had died of a rare disease they had no cure back then. He was the last ruler of our world two thousand years ago. He had a total set of two wands. You are the first that has ever been capable with one of his wands. This wand: 12 inches. Core: Heart of a phoenix. Wood: Mythical Shadow Wood." Ollivander said eerily serious voice.(3)

Harry nodded in awe. So Azeroth was a Shadow Mage like him?



"Mr. Potter, the Wizard King Azeroth did great things for Europe, I expect great things coming from you as well. Great things..." Ollivander trailed off muttering.

Lily was looking speechless.

Harry just gave him a fake shocked look. He knew that already. If only they knew what he had already accomplished.

"Now since that is a special wand that by my father three-thousand years ago... I'll say..."

"Wait a minute... three thousand years ago? How old was your father? And how old are you?" Harry blurted out with a question.

He smiled creepy and spoke.

"Mr. Potter, my age shall remain a secret." He gave a creepy grin that made Lily shivered.

Harry shook his head in annoyance. He heard rumors that Ollivander was an extremely old day walking Vampire, but he never believed it. He might just start believing it now, if Ollivander was really as old as Harry thought he was.

"For that special wand in your hand Mr. Potter, fifty galleons." Ollivander said calmly.

"Fifty galleons! I bought mines for 7!" Lily exclaimed in shock at the price.

Harry had to calm his mother down.

When she was calm, Harry spoke.

"I'll pay for it, don't worry mum, besides it's an ancient wand, so of course it should be costing a lot." Harry smiled.

"Harry, you don't even have that much." She shouted.

"I do." Harry said pulling fifty galleons out of his pouch of money. He had his entire fortune in that bag since the Goblins in his time could no longer be trusted. (Remember what I said about the Goblins?) It

was an endless bag. He had another problem to his list. He was going to have to explain later why he had so much money.

She was giving a shocked look.

Harry ignored her and dragged her away waving Ollivander goodbye.

When they left, Ollivander was staring at their retreating backs.

"Hmm.... I should tell Albus about the Azeroth's wand... hmm... no... no, he just needs to know about Voldemort's twin brother wand that the Longbottom boy bought." Ollivander said to himself. One thing was for sure. That Potter boy was quite interesting fellow. He was an Occulmencer and was able to sense him when he entered the shop, and now the boy now carried one of the greatest wizard's wands in existence, stronger then Dark Lord's wand and his brother wand together.

Interesting indeed...

After leaving the wand shop, Lily had dragged her son towards the book shop. Harry didn't mind, he wanted to see what kind of books they have. His parent's library was a bit out of date on history. After seeing it was late, Harry had to give his mum the puppy eye look to go home. Not that it worked anyway, he had to threaten to never cook for the family again.

When they got home with at least two dozen new books, Lily finally had the courage to ask her son the questioned that had been bothering her all day.

"Harry sweetie, where did you have all that money to pay for your wand?" Lily asked. She saw how he had all his own books and his own wand after they left the shop.

"Mum, I saved my money up. I'm not like Leon who buys every new broom or Quidditch gear that comes out of the market, buy's every type of candy they see, or buy useless stuff. I save up my money. We do get 20 galleons every month for allowance." Harry said calming her down. "I rarely get to go out, so what else can I spend it on?"

She gave a disagreed look, as a mother, it was her job to pay for her children's stuff. But Harry had put his foot down and so she dragged him upstairs to sort out his new school stuff.

After folding his new robes, Harry decided to finally tell her one of his secrets. For some reason, Harry had only felt he could trust only his mum with his secrets.

"Mum...?" Harry asked.

"Yes darling... we need to get you a trunk. Maybe I should give you my old one." She said absentmindedly while folding his socks.

"Haven't you wondered how I was able to shrink all my stuff without your help?" Harry asked simply.

Lily gave him a curious look.

"Well, that's because I know a few wandless magic spells." Harry said earnestly. He was planning to tell her one secret at a time. He couldn't have her freaking out with a bunch of new information at once.

She giggled.

"Silly, wandless magic is hard, even Albus Dumbledore has trouble with it. There's no way you could do it, the owner of the shops probably done it for you." She said smiling at her son's messy hair while folding his dress shirts.

Harry gave a sigh and wandlessly called his shirt from her grip.

She gaped and stared at him wide eyed.

"H-How...?" She stuttered.

"I've been practicing it since I was little. I learned a few spells from your library. I didn't always just play pranks and practice cooking when I was young." Harry lied casually. He didn't like lying to his mother. He thought she was going to freak out. He thought wrong.

She was staring at her son proudly.

"Harry, I'm proud of you, I always thought you were a joker, but every time you show me wrong. I'm sure your father would be proud. A wandless user in the family, I'm so proud of you darling. We should tell your father and Albus Dumbledore, they'll be impressed." She said smiling while kissing his cheek.

Harry smiled. His mother was so unpredictable.

"Mum I want to tell them on my own ok? I'm still working out some difficulties. I can only do a few spells: shrinking, levitation and summoning small light."

"Sure sweetie." She said giving him an odd look.

"Now, let's go find you a trunk." She said happily.

"That's ok mum, I already have one." Harry said smiling.

"Good. Do you know how to shrink stuff? Never mind, you just told me you shrunk your stuff a while ago." She said softly.

Harry smiled.

"You haven't been reading all my old basic spell books have you?" She asked slyly.

Harry nodded a bit embarrassed.

"I got up to mid 2nd year material.

She smiled wider.

"You act so much like me, it's amazing." She said hugging him.

Harry smiled at her warmly again while hugging her back. He could never get tired of her smile or her hugs.

"Yes I know. I may look like dad, but I act so much like you or so dad told me." Harry replied.

She nodded.

After a few minutes of organizing his books and stuff, Harry spoke up.

"Mum...what was I like when I was a baby?" Harry asked hopefully. He had always wanted to know. He couldn't have asked Remus or Sirius, because both were dead in his old dimension.

She giggled.

"You were a cheerful baby, an adorable one. You were mummies little boy." She giggled while patting his messy black hair.

Harry rolled his eyes.

"Come on mum, more info!" Harry demanded while sitting next to her.

She began to think. She smiled for a second and then smiled wider.

"Like I said, you were a cheerful baby, and an adorable one to. You were also quite smart for a baby. Every time you were hungry you rubbed your belly and when you were thirsty you would smack your lips. You didn't cry much. You were a silent baby, unlike your brothers and sisters." Lily said smiling widely while lost in thought.

"Wow, you're not pulling my leg are you mum?" Harry asked.

"Would your mum lie to you?" She asked smiling warmly.

"Err...sorry mum. No not really." Harry said truthfully. "But I do think you're lying about eating vegetables make you fly faster on a broom!"

Harry said remembering a few days ago when he heard his mum telling his younger sister Sylvia that.

She laughed. She knew what he was talking about.

"Harry sweetie, how else am I'm suppose to get your little sister to eat? She wasn't like you when you were a baby who ate anything." She said poking him on the stomach making him laugh.

"Hey!"

She giggled while Harry made a smile.

((o)))

The very next morning, the Potter's had a picnic. It was great. They all ate and drank while his sisters went swimming in the lake behind their mansion. Harry didn't go swimming; he just sat next to his mum and dad while playing with Little Lilly. Little Lily was just a cheerful baby. She rarely cried and was a good girl that didn't seemed spoiled or didn't seem to get into trouble a lot.

"Hey Lily, you want to go on piggy back?" Harry asked his cute adorable little sister.

She chirped.

"Yeah!"

Harry smiled and carried her on his back while running around. She loved it. His mother still didn't think Little Lily was old enough to fly a broom.

They stopped by a field of flowers and played around. Suddenly a thought occurred to him, he remembered when he was young sometimes he would use the flowers in Dursleys back yard to make crowns and wrist bands when he was not aloud in the house. He knew his little sister would love it. So he made her a wrist band that spiraled onto her wrist. She loved it. It was made out of small yet not blooming roses. He then made a necklace of flowers for her. She immediately giggled madly and spoke in her child like baby voice.

"What about mommy?" Lily giggled.

Harry smiled.

"Sure I'll make a few for mommy." Harry smiled.

She giggled and tried to copy Harry in making bracelets and necklaces out of flowers. Harry had to admit, for a little girl, she learned fast! When they were done, Harry had made a beautiful flower crown that was made out of white, red, and blue roses. Little Lily had made an all white rose spiral wrist band like Harry did for

her. When they went they stood up they raced toward their parents to give it to them. Poor Lily had no way in beating Harry so in mid way he ran back and grabbed her and put her on his back and ran. She giggled all the way smiling happily.

When they got both got back to their parents, everyone else was back from swimming and eating again. Geez... the Potter's were worst then the Weasley's. He never thought it was possible.

When they gave their mum the flowers, she absolutely adored it. She gave both of them a kiss on the forehead and admired the flowers.

"Oh Lily! Harry! There beautiful. When did you two know how to make wrist bands and crowns out of flowers?" Lily asked while Harry's sisters were giving their mum jealous looks.

Little Lily giggled and pointed at Harry.

"Big brother Harry showed me!" She giggled while showing off her spiral wrist bands and necklace to her sisters.

"Wow, I always wanted to know how to do that correctly!" Sakura said eyeing her little sisters flower accessories with jealous eyes. She was trying to hint it to Harry she wanted a pair, but Harry was as clueless like every other male.

Leon was rolling his eyes. He rather played Quidditch then play with flowers, sometimes his older brother act so girly.

"Harry, where did you learn how to do this?" Lily asked.

His sisters sat up paying attention closely except for Little Lily who was playing with her spiral flower wrist band.

Harry thought of a quick lie.

"Well, sometimes when I'm not in the house, I go out into the field of flowers and play here when I feel lonely or have nothing to do." Harry said casually.

"It's so beautiful. Say Harry bro, show us!" Sakura demanded. Rosa nodded her head in agreement. Harry just shrugged and went back into the field of different flowers with Rosa, Sakura, and Sylvia in toe.

When they departed, James was thinking hard. Harry changed a lot these past few months. He shrugged. He knew one day Harry would have to be responsible because he was the oldest, he just didn't think it was now, when a sign that your children is turning responsible it's telling you that you are getting old. He hated getting older. He still had so many pranks he wanted to do.

((o))

That week at the Potter House was passing by fast. Harry found out things were slightly different in this world. When he entered his family vault, he of course saw several magical artifacts that he had never seen before. Of course when he returned home, he tried researching on his family stuff that was in the vault. No luck. The day to go to Hogwarts came faster then Harry expected it. The day he had to leave came approached. They were all at the Platform Nine and Three Quarters. All his sisters were crying and his younger brother Leon just gave him a pat on the back.

"Say bro, you don't mind if I stay in your room sometimes?" Leon asked.

"Sorry squirt, I locked my room magically, you should ask mum or dad to unlock it for you." Harry said smiling at his younger brother. One thing was for sure. His family took it rather nicely when he told them he could do a little wand-less magic. His brother and sisters demanded him to teach them wandless magic; they wanted to learn how to do magic since they could not have a wand yet. Even his father and mother had a desire to learn. But Harry said maybe one day when he has time. It was going to take a lot of work. It was true to; it took him forever to remember the concept. James immediately declared that Harry was no longer going to Hogwarts; he was going to stay here and teach him wandless magic before he would go to Hogwarts, but Lily smack him on the head and told Harry his father was joking, much to everyone's protest. She knew how Harry wanted to go to Hogwarts. Hell, she knew how he felt as well. Harry made them promise not to tell anyone. Not even Dumbledore until Harry felt it was ready.



He snapped out of his thoughts when his mother started to cry onto his shoulder. She was laughing while tears were rolling down her cheek.

"It's ok mum, I'll be fine." Harry said trying to calm the hysterical red head mother.

When she released, Sirius children ran up and hugged him goodbye as well. After all of them said their goodbyes, Yuna ran up and gave Harry a small quick kiss on the lips. leaving everyone in the train station to stare at the youngsters in awe. It's not everyday you see young children kissing each other in the train station. When she let go, she was blushing furious, and ran off to hide behind her mother.

Harry was just dumbfounded. He was just staring in front of him in shock. He snapped out of it when Sylvia came up and hugged him goodbye.

Everyone was laughing at Harry's still dumb expression and the blushing Yuna. Harry quickly changed his face to understanding and looked at his father and godfather. The two older man had grins on their faces. Harry just shook his head, he knew of the marriage contract, but he never thought they would be giving hints so early. His thoughts were broken when he heard Lily.

Poor Little Lily was crying hysterically.

"Harry... (Hic) big... (Sob) big brother... you... (Hic) don't like... us anymore... (Sob) so that's why... (Sob) you're leaving?" She cried another fresh about of tears.

Harry laughed silently at his little sister's tears. He kissed her on each cheek when she hugged him as fiercely as her small arms could.

"There... there... I'm not leaving forever, I'll be coming back. Not for a while, but I'll come and visit. You'll be a good girl ok Lily?" Harry asked.

She cried harder and spoke in broken sobs.

"I... (Hic) promise you... I'll be... (Sob) a good... girl... I promise... so please... (Hic) don't leave me." She cried harder. This was the first time he had ever seen his youngest sister cry.

Harry gave his parents a look that said help.

His mum immediately tried to stop her poor daughter, but she couldn't do much because she was crying as well.

"M-My baby b-boy (Sob) is all grown up and (Hic) going to H-Hogwarts, it feels like it was just y-yesterday when I (Hic) changed his d-diapers." She then burst into another bout of tears while hugging her baby daughter Lily who was crying along with her.

His father rolled his eyes and pulled both of them back.

"Take care son, and make sure you learn extra hard in class." His father said. Even though what his original thought was.

'Don't forget to play pranks on your teachers and especially in class!'

When Harry turned around to leave, he waved goodbye.

"Bye Everyone! I love you all!" Harry said turning to the train.

They all said their byes and waves while his sisters who were holding the tears back burst into tears. Harry rolled his eyes with his back turned. Geez... he was like a water magnet, thinking about Cho from his 5th year. While Harry was walking to the train, he saw some people that made his heart stop. The Weasleys... He didn't even glance at them really, he was staring at Ginny. She was looking very sad and was crying seeing her brother's leave. Harry smiled at the thought, he remember her crying and chasing after the train when the train was leaving. Just then he heard her squeak hearing that The Boy Who Lived was going to Hogwarts. He didn't see it when she turned to look his way when he was in deep thought. He remembered he wasn't the Wizard World's savior anymore. Sighing sadly he walked to the train. He couldn't have her and he couldn't wait for her. For some odd reason he had a feeling in the end Ginny Weasley and Neville Longbottom would be a couple.

A/N: I changed some extra information and took scenes out that were about H/G. If you read this critically you will notice that Harry

doesn't trust Ginny that much anymore, he thinks that she loved him because he was the boy-who-lived. This might or might not be a Harry/Ginny. I am leaning towards H/Harem(7 girls), you guys already know about the marriage contract with Yuna.

If you want me to add specific girls please PM or review the story and tell me what girl and why. Maybe you could add "how the girl will fit into the story and how Harry will get her to be with him" this would help me a lot. I will not be adding Cho and Pansy, because I cannot stand these two female characters. The girls/women can be OC to [Fudge's wife? After she discovers Fudge was cheating on her with Umbridge].

Thanks for reading! Check out my fan site: xadro(dot)net. I always wanted a Yahoo group, but I don't want to make one, can someone make me a group(with my name) and manage it for me? Like add my deleted stories and stuff (they are found in my site). Thanks! You guys are the best! Long reviews and long flames are welcome!

## Chapter 4: The Boy Who Lived & the Sorting

There was news all around the train about The Boy Who Lived. They were whispering about it right outside his door. It was very annoying. Harry had finally understood how things went when he was in train in his old dimension.

Harry was bored listening to people walking by his compartment door and talking about The Boy Who Lived. His owl Hedwig (You didn't think I forget about her do you?) who he recently bought from the Owl shop was sleeping peacefully as always. They were the same owls. They acted very much alike. After giving her some treats, he eventually got tired and went into a deep sleep.

He woke up several hours later when a girl walked in his compartment.

Opening his eyes, he noticed the girl who entered his compartment was crying. It wasn't just any girl either! It was Hermione!

"Hello, are you ok?" Harry asked quietly while giving her a smile. Hermione looked to be so cute at eleven years old!

"I'm fine." She sniffed.

Harry didn't say anything but conjured a tissue paper for her to wipe her tears.

"Here, wipe your tears. Pretty girls like you shouldn't cry." Harry said giving her a heart winning smile.

She gave a watery smile and thanked him.

"How did you do that?" Hermione asked.

"Do what?" Harry said confused.

"Make tissue." She said giving him a curious look.

"Oh, well it's conjuring, a type of transfiguration." Harry said smiling. He wasn't going to hide all his powers, but he was going to show others he was smart.

She smiled in returned.

"Oh I read about it. I think Transfiguration and Charms are the most interesting subjects." She said smiling at a person who was actually nice to her.

"Yes. Hey I don't mean to pry, but do you feel ready to tell me why you are crying? No one wasn't making fun of you were they? If so, I'll go teach them a lesson not to mess with pretty girls." Harry said while acting posing like a Knight in shiny armor.

She giggled and gave him a smile. It was rare for her to see someone being so nice and friendly to her, unlike some guys she met on the train earlier.

"Yes, someone was calling me names I think, but it's ok, you don't have to teach them a lesson." She said seriously.

Harry smiled. With a quick spell on his robes, which had turned into armor, he had conjured a sword on his other hand.

"I am Sir Harry Potter! I am here at your request my royal princess." Harry said talking gallantly while bowing at her like she was royalty.

She started to giggle and then turned into a full blown laughter. Harry laughed with her. Hermione was really impressed. She read that transfiguration was really difficult, the bigger the transfiguration, the more difficult. She was impressed that some person her age could do high transfiguration. She knew she would have to study really hard if she wanted to become close to his level.

'He must a Pureblood.' Hermione thought.

After dismissing the spell, they began to talk a bit to get to know each other. Harry found out that the ones making fun of her was Ron and Neville. It really pissed him off greatly. He then heard that Hermione tried to stop them when they were about to fight Draco and his goons, but then they told her to shut up. Neville told her she was annoying and to go away. Malfoy called her a Mudblood, but she didn't know what it meant. She knew it was awful word though. Harry had to explain to her what the word meant. She looked like she was about to cry again. But Harry comforted her. He never liked seeing Hermione cry. She was always like a sister to him.

After some more prying, he found it out that Neville was starting trouble already. Things were getting troublesome. He inwardly wondered how much was going to change with Neville being The Boy Who Lived and Ron making her cry early.

"So when did you come to the station?" Harry asked after calming down.

"My mother and I arrived at ten, since I was so anxious. I wanted to make new friends to tell you the truth, I had a hard life, and people always teased me at school. I will never forget what happened last year" suddenly she stopped and looked at Harry, "I am sorry, I must be boring you" she inferred.

"No you're not, what did happen last year, if I may ask" Harry asked curiously.

Hermione reached into her robe pocket and took out a picture "my father died when a thug tried to steal his car to run away from the police" tears started streaming down her eyes, as she stared at the picture.

Harry got up from his seat and sat next to Hermione to comfort her "it's okay Hermione, everything is going to be alright" he whispered in her ear as he placed his arm around the brunettes shoulder. Harry looked down at Hermione's hands and to the picture she was holding. The picture showed a pretty looking Hermione, looking like she was nine or ten, next to her stood her father, who had a average build and dark black hair. What Harry saw next bewildered him; Hermione's mother was standing at the other side of Hermione. She was wearing a tank top, which showed the outline of her bra, she had bushy hair like Hermione, but without the "large front teeth". She was "built" like a goddess, with quite a big chest and some nice tanned legs under her skirt.

'Wow, she's hot' Harry thought, he never met the Grangers up close, but he always thought that Hermione's mother would look like Hermione, because on the train stations he always made out bushy hair.

"Come on Mione, you'll meet him again someday" that got her to stop crying and look up at Harry. Harry just stared back at her brown eyes and squeezed her shoulders with his arms.

Hermione didn't know what to do she stared at Harry Potters bright emerald eyes 'god they are so beautiful' When Harry's arms squeezed her shoulder, Hermione felt happy for some reason, she also felt a bit uncomfortable down there.

"By the way Harry do you know how they sort us into houses?" Hermione asked wanting to change the subject.

"There is a magical hat, that is placed on you head, it sorts you to your right house" Harry answered.

"Are you serious, a magical hat? I was thinking some sort of magical test with a wand or something." She wondered.

"A test? Where did you get that idea?" Harry asked.

She gave an embarrass look.

"I was eaves dropping on Neville Longbottom and Ronald Weasley. They said it was a test on magic."

Harry laughed.

"Just so you know, I heard rumors that Ronald Weasley's older brothers were pranksters. They probably gave him some weird ideas, like fighting a troll or something." Harry said smiling at his new friend.

Hermione had laughed at the thought of the 1st years fighting a troll. Harry couldn't help but chuckle at the old memory of him, her, and Ron fighting a Troll.

After some small talk, Harry decided to teach her some useful 1st year spells. She was amazed at the knowledge that Harry has. She was bugging him with questions and theories. She was even asking him for demonstrations and then suddenly, she ceased talking much to his confusion.

"Sorry, I just get excited when I ask questions. People say I tend to annoy people when I ask so many questions. Sorry to annoy you."

She said not wanting to lose the first person that had been nice to her on the first day.

Harry didn't say anything until he grabbed her hands in his and spoke.

"You're welcome to ask me any questions you want. I understand that you're a Muggle-born, well that's ok, just ask me whatever, and I'll help you. What are friends for?" Harry said smiling.

She smiled back happily.

"Really? You'll be my friend?" She asked.

"Of course!" Harry smiled.

She giggled and smiled. She then explained how she never had any friends. People would always ignore her because she was a bossy and brainy. Harry comforted her and told her it'll be ok, and he would always be there for her. She smiled and hugged him again. When they got onto their robes, they approached Hogwarts as usual.

((o)))

One thing was for sure at Hogwarts, you could hear Neville bragging to everyone around him about how he was an excellent flyer, and that he was going to be in Gryffindor and how he became The Boy Who Lived to the Muggle-borns who were looking at him in awe. Harry had only rolled his eyes at this.

Neville had such an ego. It's hard to see the difference between his old friend Neville and this one. Carefully, Harry took the time to observe everything while everyone was chatting excitedly. He noticed there were no new faces compared to his old dimension.

When they approached the Great Hall, everyone was waiting for McGonagall. Hermione was in lecture mode telling Harry about the bewitched sky she heard about.

"Hermione I know, I read Hogwarts, A History as well." Harry said smiling at the intelligent girl who was now blushing.

Hermione blushed and mumbled she forgot.



Harry didn't say anything but pat her shoulder telling her he wasn't angry. When they heard about how they were sorted, Harry and Hermione silently laughed at the ridiculous theories.

Something strange did happen while they were waiting for McGonagall to come back and tell them when they were ready. When the ghosts had appeared, you could hear them talking about Peeves about forgiveness and forget. When McGonagall returned, the 1st years began to follow the Transfiguration teacher.

Everything was a bit the same like his old dimension... however...

The Bloody Baron who was following the rest of the ghost's silently had suddenly stopped half way and switched his gaze toward him. Staring at him for a moment with an unreadable expression, the Bloody Baron had turned away in deep thought.

Harry had never remembered seeing the Bloody Baron in deep thought before in his dimension. He was snapped out of his thoughts when he saw McGonagall had put the sorting hat down on a stool and it burst into a song:

"Oh, you may not think I'm pretty,

But don't judge on what you see,

I'll myself if you can find,

A smarter hat than me,

You can keep your bowlers black,

Your top hats sleek and tall,

For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat,

And I can cap them all,

There's nothing hidden in your head,

The Sorting Hat can't see,

So try me on and I will tell you,  
Where you ought to be,  
You might belong in Gryffindor,  
Where dwell the brave at heart,  
Their darling, nerve, and chivalry,  
Set Gryffindors apart;  
You might belong in Hufflepuff,  
Where they are just and loyal,  
Those patient Hufflepuff are true,  
And unafraid of toil;  
Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,  
If you're a ready mind,  
Where those of wit and learning,  
Will always find their kind,  
Or perhaps in Slytherin  
You'll make your real friends,  
Those cunning folk will use any means,  
To achieve their ends,  
So put me on! Don't be afraid!  
And don't get in a flap!  
You're in safe hands,  
For I'm a Thinking Cap!"

When the song had ended, the whole hall had immediately burst into applause as the hat finished its song. It bowed to each of the four tables and then became still again.

Taking a moment to nod to Dumbledore, McGonagall immediately began calling the names. As this was going on, Harry was listening at the same time analyzing the teachers at once. Quirrell was up sitting at the staff table and Harry could sense the dark energy around him from where he was standing. It was faint, but it was there. The look Snape was sending to Harry was enough for him to glare back with cold eyes.

Harry knew he couldn't just point fingers at Quirrell. He was going to watch him carefully from the shadows with his shadow abilities. Speaking of watching Quirrell, his thoughts traveled to the Chamber of Secrets and Hagrid. Harry knew he was going to have some trouble lifting Hagrid's un-justice expulsion next year. However, he wouldn't worry about it now. He would take care of it next year when Ginny had the diary.

Harry knew he could only interfere at the end of the years where everything started to unfold. He had to do this because if he would interfere too early, the end results could have endless possibilities and someone could die if he made a mistake. Every year there was trouble and he didn't want to lose his advantage because of a stupid mistake he made.

If there was one year he knew he couldn't make a mistake, it was his 4th year. He definitely was going to stop Voldemort before things got out of hand.

First, he was going to let everything go at its usual pace until the final task came. He would wait until Voldemort's resurrection was completed and then he would take action... no... Instead of just waiting until Voldemort was resurrected, he would wait for Voldemort to summon all of his Death Eaters first and then he would take action. It would be like killing two birds with one stone. If he had to risk revealing his true self, then he would have to let it be so. It would be a small price to pay. The revelation of who he truly was or the risk of the second war which had involved revealing the Wizard World to the Muggle World.

Then again, with Neville being The Boy Who Lived, he wondered how things would play out. Should Neville not save the Sorcerer's stone, he knew he would have no choice but to stop Voldemort regardless of letting things go with the flow. It was like what Ginny had told him in his old universe. He was a hero and there was no way he was going to let things happen unless he could do something about it.

"Hermione Granger!" McGonagall said out loud, interrupting his thoughts.

Unlike his old dimension when Hermione ran up greedily, she stood up and walked forward with a confident aura. Harry was simply amazed at how confident she was.

The hat was on her head for at least a minute, until it blurted out.

"Gryffindor!" Immediately the Gryffindors cheered for her.

Then the sorting continued. Harry saw that Dumbledore was eyeing Neville warmly.

This had caused Harry to inwardly roll his eyes. Wait till Dumbledore sees how Neville turned out.

Harry was snapped out of his thoughts again when Neville was called.

"Neville Longbottom!" McGonagall shouted. Immediately everyone began to whisper and gasp in surprise.

He walked up as arrogantly as he could like Draco Malfoy and for some reason, Harry knew at that moment, he might be this dimension's only hope to destroy Voldemort.

'I definitely have a bad feeling about him.'

As Neville sat on the stool for a few minutes, Harry could see Neville was paling noticeably. Using his Legimency on both Neville and the sorting hat, he could hear Neville pleading the hat to not put him in Slytherin. But with his kind of attitude, he doubted that Neville had the attitude to be brave. He would probably fit best in Slytherin or even Hufflepuff.

Before Harry could wonder what the hat's decision would be, the sorting hat had shouted out loud, Gryffindor!

Neville had only sighed in happiness.

Harry knew it was luck. Neville was quite lucky not to be sorted into another house.

When his name was finally called, he walked up with slowly with an aura of pure confidence and power. A lot of the girls who had noticed him stepping out of the line had hearts shaped in their eyes with a slight drool coming down their lips. You could see that he was a heartthrob of the little ankle biters and he knew he was quite the looker for his young age. He stood at around at most 4 foot 6 inches, was quite muscular for his age with green eyes that matched with his short black hair that stuck out everywhere. It gave him a roguish innocent look that all the girls seemed to go crazy for. To the girls, he was definitely going to be one hell of a hot guy in the future. When he sat down on the stool, the hat had said nothing which had confused Harry for a bit until the hat spoke out loud so that everyone could hear.

"Would you please lower your Occlumency shields?" The hat said out loud. There were some whispers, but Harry ignored them and lowered his barriers. Even Dumbledore was surprised although he didn't show it. Snape however, was looking wide eyed seeing that a 1st year knew Occlumency, not to mention it was the son of his arch-nemesis.

Before Harry could let the Hat speak, he spoke to the hat mentally.

"Can you please not sort me into Slytherin? Any other houses will do, but not Slytherin. If I am to be put in Slytherin, I will not participate as a student here. I would prefer Gryffindor. Ravenclaw wouldn't sound so bad. Oh yes, if you can, could you not reveal anything you see in my mind to anybody? Not even Dumbledore please." Harry said in a respectful tone, but you could hear a threat somewhere in his tone when he mentioned Slytherin. He really didn't want to use his inherited abilities as the Heir of Gryffindor to force the hat to sort him into Gryffindor.

"Yes. Very well, since you asked nicely. I will never put someone in a house that they are strongly objecting against. As for revealing information, do not worry. I am not allowed to reveal private information from a person's mind without permission." The hat said in his mind. "Especially Godric Gryffindor's heir."

"But first, let's see... What's in your mind...? Hmm... a dimensional traveler... oh my... an Heir of Slytherin and the true Heir of Gryffindor... Incredible... What's this? A Parsel-mouth! Very interesting and you were The Boy Who Lived in your world. Oh yes, you're very powerful, you defeated the Dark Lord at the age of 17, and can easily defeat Albus Dumbledore. You were trained personally by Dumbledore and the Flamels and even killed a Basilisk at 12 to boot. This is very impressive indeed and very interesting. I haven't sorted a person like you in the longest of time. And you carry the wand of the Last Wizard King Azeroth? Hmm...What's this? You're a... unbelievable, a Shadow Mage! There hasn't been a Mage in eight hundred years! I must admit, Slytherin would really suit you, but you detest Slytherin...How about Ravenclaw?" The hat paused. "You have knowledge that surpasses any 7th year or any magical college here in Europe. Yet Ravenclaw does not suit you... How about Hufflepuff? Yes, you're quite fair and usually don't judge others by its cover. No, you would cause a riot in that house. Yes, you will do very well in Gryffindor. You have characteristics of all the houses. Amazing, I'm not sure if I want to sort you or just..." He was suddenly interrupted by someone's yelling.

"What's taking so long? It's been five minutes!" A Slytherin said looking at his watch.

That's when Harry noticed it was indeed five minutes since he had sat down. Everyone was whispering while Dumbledore gave the hat on Harry's head a strange look.

Neville who was in background laughed.

"Maybe he's a squib? Or the hat just won't accept him? I heard the Potters were weak." It wasn't funny, but some people laughed with him because he was famous and wanted to get on his good side.

Harry was about to stand up and blast him away. No one talks about his family that way, he was proud of his family after he had met them

and no way in hell would he let anyone insult his family. The Boy Who Lived or not, Neville was about to get serious punishment in front of everyone. To Hell with his future plans, he was about to throw it down with The Boy Who Lived... and the first spell he was going to use was the most powerful stinging hex he knew... until the hat spoke out loud.

"Mock him all you want Longbottom, but he has the characteristics of all four houses, something no one has had in 400 years of my sorting. It would be wise to not make him an enemy. So do not mock me on how I should sort little Gryffindor! You may have survived the killing curse, but the potential in him will make you nothing but a little pebble to him little Wizard!" The Hat said coldly.

Everyone was speechless. Someone who has the characteristics of all four of the houses? It was the most unusual sorting they had ever witnessed. Out of all the people in the Great Hall, only Dumbledore looked unsurprised, but inwardly he was.

'This child is indeed powerful. He would be a powerful ally even the sorting hat admits he is powerful and has great potential. I must talk to Lily and James later.' Dumbledore thought to himself as the sorting hat had made up its mind.

"Gryffindor!" The hat shouted.

Harry was in shock, though he didn't show it. The hat just revealed that he was a powerful player at Hogwarts, and now Voldemort and Dumbledore were going to keep an eye on him! He got up but kept an emotionless mask on, but he glared at Neville for calling his family weak. Neville saw the glare and squeaked while turning away. Before Harry was about to leave for the Gryffindor table, the hat spoke.

"Mr. Potter, your power and potential are great. Whatever your plans are to do with it, do it wisely. Come visit me sometimes so I may talk with you." The Sorting Hat said cryptically.

Harry bowed respectfully and walked to the silent Gryffindor table.

The entire Hall was quiet. The sorting hat had NEVER talked out unless yelling the House name and the beginning introduction. They just thought it sorted people.

When Harry sat down, he noticed there were many sets of eyes on him, but he just ignored it. Hermione was eyeing him with awe. Not knowing how to explain what happened, he gave her a weak smile in which she returned.

When the sorting was done, the feast began. Before anyone could talk and introduce themselves the people around Harry were staring at him again.

'Now what?' Harry thought to himself miserably.

He noticed that people weren't really staring at him again; they were actually staring at something behind him. Looking over his shoulder, he saw the Bloody Baron floating directly behind him while giving an eerie look that could scare any Hogwarts student. He had his arms crossed and floated behind Harry looking menacing. Too bad Harry wasn't like all the other students, he wasn't scared of a ghost. He knew just the right spell to exorcism any ghost that he hated... even Peeves. So he sat there and waited.

The Baron did nothing but give Harry a small grin that looked quite menacing on his face and began floating closer to him. Harry for some reason felt uncomfortable with it, but didn't show any fear, he remained impassive about it and showed no expression of fear or curiosity on his face. When the Baron was close enough, he slowly raised his hand and touched Harry's forehead where Harry's lightning bolt scar was suppose to be at. With a nod and a whisper to Harry, he floated back to the Slytherin table across the Hall while everyone were giving Harry awe, astonish, and curious looks.

After a few minutes of silence, everyone slowly went back to eating, but were giving him curious looks once in a while. Nearly Headless Nick was giving Harry a strange look, a look that was mixed with respect and curiosity.

Harry said nothing, and went back to eating.

For some reason, unlike his dimension, it was an unspoken rule for first years in Gryffindor to introduce themselves to everyone in Gryffindor.



When it came to Harry's turn, everyone near him were paying extra attention and were waiting for his introduction.

"My name is Harry James Potter. I recently turned eleven. My favorite color is Red, White, Blue, and dark Green. My mum is a Muggle-born and my dad is a Pureblood. Both were students here at Hogwarts in their time and in Gryffindor. I also like Quidditch." Harry said dully as if he were not interested.

After all the introductions were done, and lastly hearing Neville's poor story of how he survived the killing curse, everyone began getting to know each other.

Not wanting to be lonely throughout the rest of his god knows how long he was going to be here, or be stuck with only Hermione to talk to... Harry tried to make friends with everyone at the Gryffindor table. Hermione did the same.

At some point during the conversation, Ron had tried to talk to him, but Harry just remained impassive. He wasn't overly friendly, but he remained polite and patient towards his ex-best friend after what he had done to Hermione on the train. Not much to Harry's surprise, the first people that Hermione talked to were Lavender and Parvati, they weren't really interested in what she was talking about school at first, so she moved on and talked to Percy Weasley who was explaining to her about what classes were given to firsts years and what was taught.

After a few laughs Harry had with Fred and George, he began drifting towards Percy for a conversation with Hermione.

"It's weird you know? I have never seen the Bloody Baron act like that before. You must be something very special if the Baron did something like that." Percy said in a professional manner.

Harry nodded along. He still remembered the words the Bloody Baron whispered in his ear.

You may try and fool everyone, but you can't fool me. I know who you are, and I warn you, don't try to change too many things that have to come to past. Things are quite differently here then your original world. Have a good day, Heir of Gryffindor...

Harry's thoughts were interrupted when Neville spoke out loud, gathering the attention of everyone near them.

"Is it possible for us first years to play Quidditch? I really want to play for the Quidditch team, even though they said first years couldn't have a broom, do you think they'll let us if we show them we play well enough?" Neville asked.

There were shakes of heads.

"Nope, there hasn't been a first year Quidditch player for... I don't know. Two centuries? I doubt they'll break the rules now."

Neville frowned.

"But I'm The Boy Who Lived! I'm sure they'll let me."

Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Just because you survived the killing curse doesn't mean they'll just let you play Quidditch as a 1st year. You got to have lots of skills and talents to play you know." Harry said quietly.

The others around him agreed, while Neville just threw him a sharp glare which Harry ignored. He knew he should be learning to mind his own business, but he just wanted to take a jab at Neville who was annoying him about The Boy Who Lived this and The Boy Who Lived that.

After another several minutes of discussion about Quidditch and other school matters, Harry had finally began opening up to Ron a little bit at the end of the feast.

When Dumbledore finally began his closing speech and ending it, everyone began leaving the Great Hall. Looking over his shoulder, Harry gave one last look around the Great Hall before he headed to bed. Dumbledore, Snape, and all the ghosts were watching him. Harry did nothing of course. He knew the reason why they were watching him. No doubt the Ghosts knew he was Dimensional Traveler and Dumbledore was intrigued at his sorting and the Hat admitting that Harry is a powerful Wizard.

Walking towards the Gryffindor tower, they bumped into Peeves. Harry wasn't in the mood for Peeves. He was holding Dung bombs. Percy was trying to stop Peeves, but when Peeves was about to drop them on Parvati and Lavender, Harry whipped out his wand and cast a minor exorcism spell that had hit Peeves through his chest. He yelled in pain and flew towards the walls while swearing at Harry on the way.

Parvati and Lavender immediately squealed at Harry as if he was their hero and Parvati, much to Harry's shock, kissed him on the cheek as a 'Thank you.'

Ignoring the fact that Ron and Neville were giving Harry jealous looks, and Hermione giving Parvati and Lavender the cold eyebrow, Percy began explaining to everyone that the only being that Peeves feared was the Bloody Baron and not many people could cause pain to a ghost in the Wizarding World. This instantly made everyone stare at Harry in awe. Even Percy, who was explaining it to them, was giving Harry a curious look once in a while.

When Harry entered the Gryffindor Tower, he was given a room with Neville and all the other Gryffindor boys and they began chatting amongst each other.

"Hello Harry Potter. Allow me to introduce myself again. I am Neville Longbottom, The Boy Who Lived. I'm a Pureblood." Neville said in a pompous Fudge way.

Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Hello. I'm Harry, a Half-blood. It's a pleasure to meet you guys. I hope we can all be great friends." Harry said rolling his eyes inwardly. That sounded kind of corny.

"I'm Ronald Weasley, call me Ron. I'm a Pure-blood. Pleasure to meet you mates."

"Dean Thomas and a Muggle-born, I think? Pleasure to meet you guys as well."

"Seamus Finnegan, also a Pureblood. Nice to meet ya mates."

They all began to have some small talk, Ron was speechless of having The Boy Who Lived as a roommate, Seamus was as well. Dean was confused at first, until it was explained to him, then he began to look at Neville as if he was celebrity. Harry was the only one not impressed, which caught everyone's attention.

"Harry Potter isn't it? You're related to James and Lily Potter?" Neville asked.

Harry gave a shrug.

"Hmm... I heard from my parents that your parents and mines were once friends, but they were no longer friends because your parents were jealous of mines because I was The Boy Who Lived and all...." Neville said baiting him and trying to make everyone in the dorm thinking Harry was just jealous like his parents and that was why he wasn't impressed, but Harry interrupted his pompous speech.

"Sure... but from what I understand, my parents were not friends with yours anymore because your family was getting big headed and turning into the Malfoy family with all that attention." Harry said not caring. He began reading one of his advance school books that should only be read unless you're going to a Magical University after Hogwarts. He had found it in his mother's private library, and found it to be quite interesting.

"How dare you talk to me that way? I'm The Boy Who Lived!" Neville said in anger. "Don't you dare compare me to those Death Eating scum! I have survived the Killing curse from the Dark Lord himself, and you should show me some respect for it. If it wasn't for me, the Wizard World would have been destroyed by You-Know..."

"You mean Voldemort? And what part of 'I don't give a shit about you being the Boy-Who-Lived' didn't you understand" Harry said not caring.

Neville flinched while Ron and Seamus gasped. Dean just gave a questioning look. He was explained about the history of Neville and the Dark Lord, but he didn't understand the fear of the name.

Yet...

"Y-You s-said You-Know-Who's name!" Ron stuttered.

"Fear of a name, only increases the fear itself. Why do you fear his name? He's not going to come and get you every time you say his name." Harry said not caring. He hated it when people tried to interrupt him as he read. It was annoying.

Ron and Seamus instantly gave Harry looks of admiration while Neville gave Harry an angry look.

"You think you are pretty bad ass now that you can say his name without any worries in the world don't you? You think you are so cool now huh?" Neville sneered.

Harry turned away from his book and gave Neville an annoyed look.

"No, it's just a name. Why should I feel so cool about it for? Why are you so afraid of his name? You're a Gryffindor and The Boy Who Lived, you of all people shouldn't be afraid of him" Harry said the last part sarcastically.

Neville sent Harry a look. He heard the sarcastic part. He was not brainless. He ignored Harry from then on and started to talk to their other dorm mates.

Harry didn't say anything to Neville after that. Putting his book down and locking his trunk securely with multiple locking charms that only Dumbledore could open, Harry jumped in bed to sleep while his roommates were talking and laughing about some stupid jokes. Harry could hear the anger in Neville's voice though. Harry knew he had just become an enemy of The Boy Who Lived and it was very stupid of him to be trying to make an enemy with someone famous. Then again, Neville should watch his step. He should have paid heed to the Sorting Hat's warning of not picking a fight with him.

Before he went to sleep that night, Harry remembered the last words of the Sorting Hat before he took it off and joined the Gryffindor table.

You may have the blood of Godric Gryffindor in your blood, but in your heart you will always be a Slytherin. Do not interfere with this time-line to early young heir, wait until the time is right, and then step in.

((o))

The next morning when Harry woke up, he had immediately Shadow teleported himself to the Room of Requirement and stayed there to think.

He immediately began to plan his stay here in this dimension. He was no strategist, but he knew the basics of how to reach his goal.

Okay. He knew he couldn't just point a finger at Quirrell and tell Dumbledore that Voldemort had possessed him. No. He was going to wait and bide his time. He was going to wait for the day when Dumbledore left for the Ministry at the same time Voldemort would go after the stone, Harry would then intercept him. However, he would only do this should this time line not go right and Neville would not fulfill his destiny. With his Shadow teleporting abilities, there was no way Voldemort could ever hope to defeat him, especially with a host like Quirrell. However, he knew he should be careful should Voldemort possess Quirrell immediately. Harry knew he couldn't reveal all his abilities. He just hoped that Neville would stop Voldemort for him and save the time.

As for the future of this dimension, if everything was going as plan, he should be alright and take down Voldemort and all the rest of his supporters at the end of the 3rd task of the Tri-Wizard Tournament during 4th year. Harry knew he should be careful in this dimension should Neville screw up. Should he make a small ripple, it could definitely change event's quickly in the future. So he decided he would only interfere at the end of the scenes if Neville screwed up. Like the Chamber of Secrets when Ginny got kidnapped by the spirit of Riddle and the 3rd task of the Tri-wizard tournament.

Shit, speaking of the tournament, he would have to find a way to participate if he wanted to get to Voldemort somehow and make sure Neville stayed out of the way.

Canceling out his thoughts, Harry prepared for an intense physical work out and began to do some of his intense Martial Art's Kata's. During his work out, Harry was thinking about how he needed to get back in shape. Even with his summer work out, his current body was still out of shape and his timing was all wrong when he practiced his Martial Arts. Of course eating healthy at the Potters, this Harry was healthy and tall like all the other 1st year students, but to Harry, he

was still weak in muscle. After some tough working out, he decided to send his family a letter.

Dear Potter Family,

Hey everyone! How's everyone holding up? I was sorted into Gryffindor. The hat said I had characteristics for every house. I hope you're proud of me mum and dad. I miss you two. Yeah I miss Leon as well. Give him a pat on the back from me. Can you give Sakura, Rosa, Sylvia, and Little Lily a big warm hug? Hogwarts is great so far. I made a few friends at Hogwarts already. Some of them are nice, and some are not. Oh, and I met this girl named: Hermione Granger. She's a Muggle-born like you mum, and reminds me of you. She's smart, kind, sweet, and of course intelligent. Now... now...don't blush mum, it's true. Tell dad I miss him terribly, it's boring without him here having to joke around and playing pranks on Uncle Sirius every once in a while.

Which reminds me; please tell Sakura she has permission to use my Nimbus 2000. I don't think I have any need for it here since 1st years can't play Quidditch. I met Neville Longbottom and I'm sharing a dorm with him. He's annoying. He's sure is cocky and big-headed.

Mum, I saw Albus Dumbledore. He looks really old and kind of loony if you ask me. But I shouldn't judge a book by its cover. I can tell that the twinkle in his eye and kind expression on his face is just a mask. I know he is a very powerful person, knowing how much I read about him, he should be. I didn't meet all of my teachers yet, but I know McGonagall is strict, and that there was this tiny looking Professor named Flitwick who is known to be a very cheerful person. I don't know much about the rest of the teachers yet, but there's this man called Professor Snape and I don't like the way he looks at me, I can tell he is a meanie. Anyway, I'm getting hungry so I'm going to grab some breakfast. Oh don't forget to tell Uncle Sirius and Aunt Amy I said hello. Oh if you see Yuna, wink at her and say 'Hey Yuna, I love the kiss you gave me!' Wink Just kidding mum. Please don't tell her that.

Love you lots

P.S. Especially you and Little Lily

After taking a quick shower, he went immediately to sit by at Gryffindor table. People were eyeing Neville and were whispering and pointing. Of course, he was The Boy Who Lived. They were doing the same thing to Harry when he was in his original dimension. Neville had sent Harry a dirty glare. Those who were following him like a lost puppy had followed suit. Harry rolled his eyes. How childish they all were at this age. Harry noticed as he sat down, that Hermione was sitting with Parvati and Lavender. He prayed to god she wouldn't turn into them. Sure Parvati and Lavender were alright, but he knew he wouldn't be able to handle a giggling girl like Hermione in this world. It would be too scary.

By the end of breakfast, mail came in. His own family-owl Silver-Star flew amongst the other owls and went directly towards him and dropped off a letter. She drank a bit of his juice and flew off again. Opening the letter he noticed it was from mum. She knew he didn't like sweets so she baked him some her cookies. It wasn't as great as his, but nevertheless, it was mum's cooking. While he was chewing on some of it, he began reading the letter sent from his family.

Dearest Sweetheart,

How's school? I hope you were sorted into Gryffindor like your father and I. Ravenclaw doesn't sound too bad. Hufflepuff isn't as well. Anyhow, your father says hi and so have your younger brothers and sisters. Yuna says 'Hi,' with a blush... Sirius says it's time for you to make sure you do some serious pranking and don't disappoint him, because he and your father hasn't had a single letter saying you got into trouble yet. They think you either were too good to get caught, or you're not doing any pranks period. Your Aunt Amy slapped him and tells you hi and to ignore the prat.

I miss you sweetie, it feels so lonely without you. I noticed that these past few months, I've been spending more time with you than your brothers and sisters. I tried to spend some time with them now, but they say they have other things to do.

Poor old me...

I wish you were here so we could talk. Lily's been crying none stop ever since you left, she's been moody and not talking to anyone. If



you can, send her a letter, she would love to hear about you! Well bye for now! Love you honey!

Lots of Love...

Mommy...

Harry smiled as he finished reading the letter while blushing a bit. It's kind of funny if you think about how she signs off her letter as mommy and sometimes talk to him like he was still a child. He didn't mind of course. He never had a family until he was sent to this dimension.

He missed his family a lot. He missed his mum more than anyone.

He was getting really attached to his mother, more than anyone else in his family, but he couldn't help it. You would think he would be attached to his dad, but he didn't like pranks, he wasn't born a joker. Leon was a real prankster. He was number one with it. He showed real promise he had to admit. Besides he could tell his father liked Leon best, everyone seems to have the conclusion that Leon takes after dad, Quidditch Player, and Prankster, while he himself took after their mum and some of their dad. His sisters would act with a mixture of both mum and dad. Now...everyone in the family loves to play Quidditch. It definitely runs in the blood.

Until now, everyone considered him not a flying type, but he wanted to show them up one day. He wanted to show his father he was one of the best and that he was no slouch in Quidditch either. Writing a quick note to his mum to read to his youngest sister, he began to think about his youngest sister. She was so adorable, he loved her to bits.

Dear Little Lily,

Hey Lily! How are you? I hope you have been behaving to mum and dad. I got a letter from mum saying you been a bad girl lately. I'm disappointed in you. Just kidding! I miss you sis, it's so boring here at Hogwarts, and classes are about to start later. The food here at Hogwarts is great! It tastes very good, but of course my cooking is better. Anyway, I got to go now, love you to bits Lily! Don't cry anymore okay girl?

Love you sis,

Harry...

Harry couldn't help but smile as he packed the letter away. Today was the first day of class and he would finally be able to start over with his life again. One of his first goals in this dimension was to be the top student of his year no matter what. Even though he wasn't planning to show a lot of his powers, he was going to show everyone that he was brilliant. He definitely was going to show Snape up. He knew Snape hated his father, especially now that he's alive and have spawned multitude of Potters running around the wizard world. This year, he wasn't going to put up with any crap with Snape in this dimension. He read the 1st year potions book and the 2nd and 3rd yearbooks several times. He just had to make sure he was ready for that self-centered man who was the reason why he lost his parents in his old universe...

He promised he would make that old snake pay for what he had done in his old universe...

A/N: Yes, Hermione's father is dead and isn't coming back. Anyways, check out my forum if you can at: [www\(dot\)xadro\(dot\)net](http://www.xadro.net)

## Chapter 5: The First Week of Classes & the Seeker

The first week of classes was fun. It reminded him of his own first year at Hogwarts. He had the same teacher and they acted the same as well. He still remembered how he had impressed Professor McGonagall; Harry had seriously racked Gryffindor points with the knowledge he had and how great he was in almost every subject. When she saw how smart he was and how fast he was able to transfigure a match into a needle on the first few minutes of class she gave him 10 points for Gryffindor and praise him that he had his father's talent in Transfiguration.

When McGonagall saw how Hermione managed to change her match into a needle in the next few minutes of his encouragement, she gave twenty points to Gryffindor.

Though she really didn't need his advice, she preferred him to help her anyway. In her mind, the faster she could learn things, the faster she could learn new things.

In Transfiguration, they were the only two that managed to change the matchstick into a needle. Neville scoffed at them, but McGonagall caught it and she immediately berated him, telling him that at least they had gotten points for Gryffindor while he didn't get any. This made Neville determined and he tried to outdo them sadly he was next to crap in Transfiguration. Harry deciding to be fair and he began to warm up to Ron as well. Ron didn't manage it, but he was pretty close and was right behind them all thanks to Harry's encouragement. Even though Ron was as an ass hole in his 7th year, they were completely different now, Harry wasn't The Boy Who Lived anymore and Ron wasn't the same person then...at least until so far.

At the end of class when they had free time, McGonagall started to question Harry on some theories and how much he knew about Transfiguration. To say the least, Harry impressed her. She was beaming at him telling him that his father James must have taught him early. He revealed he was smart enough to go to the next grade.

When Flitwick began his class he was surprised of Harry's knowledge as well. He praised that Harry had his mother's talent in Charms, which made him smile. Neville had tried to do outdo him again, but failed. Hermione was a surprise in Charms, she was great in

Charms in his old dimension, but in this one, she was crap at Charms. Nevertheless, Harry encouraged her to do better.

Instead of Ron sitting by Hermione, Harry was sitting by her. Ron was a major screw up in this dimension. Harry couldn't see how he was friends with that idiot. Then again, he was an idiot too, because he was friends with him before. Even though Harry was trying to be friends with him, Ron was always hanging out with Seamus and Dean who mainly hanged out with Neville Longbottom. Harry had a feeling that Ron was going to be in the shadows for a very long time if he continued to hang out with Neville. This new dimension showed Harry how Ron behaved from a whole new point of view. Ron really was quite the jealously prat. Harry had often wondered how things would play out if Ron never got to know Hermione, and by the looks of it, he might just get to see how it plays out too.

Everyone saw how Neville and his buddies tried to act like bad boys by flaunting to everyone that he was The Boy Who Lived and by pushing the other 1st years around like he was the king bully of Hogwarts. Harry was the only Gryffindor 1st year boy that didn't follow him like a sick puppy. Don't misunderstand, Harry was friends with the other Gryffindor boys, but not that well. They just greeted each other in the hallway or sometimes they asked Harry for help, and Harry didn't really mind assisting them. He began to wonder if his parents were alive and had raised him, would he have become like Neville in his old universe? Because of Neville's attitude and Draco Malfoy's attitude, they were at each other's throat already this early in the year. Both were trying to show everyone who was the leader of the battlefield and by the looks of it, Malfoy hated Neville just as much as Neville hated Malfoy; with a passion.

Sometime during the week, Malfoy approached Harry and gave him a hand in friendship because he noticed that Harry was a brilliant student and that he could one day be very powerful ally if he played his cards right. Harry politely declined the offered hand in friendship, after that Malfoy began his usual insults to Gryffindor's, which Harry ignored. A few days after Malfoy approached, Neville approached him as well. Neville was trying to be all friendly with him because apparently he heard that Harry declined Malfoy's offer thus thinking that Harry would choose his side, sadly for him Harry just ignored him. After that Neville had again offered him a hand in friendship this time in front of the whole school, hoping Harry wouldn't say no in front of everyone. To his anger and embarrassment, Harry declined;

when he did Neville gave Harry a hated glare for embarrassing him in front of the whole school. Harry didn't like Neville nor Malfoy. Neville was trouble; Malfoy would cause big trouble for him in the future. Malfoy was the type that would back stab you in the back the moment he was in trouble or could profit from it. Both of them had a superiority complex that made them want to show each other who was the bigger guy.

Harry began to thank Merlin that Neville and Malfoy weren't friends or it would have been a disaster for Hogwarts and him.

Friday was a great day for Harry and an awful day for Neville. The first thing Snape did was to give his normal routine introduction speech. Sometimes Harry wondered if he could make his cloak swirl like that when he walked.

'Must be a spell.' Harry shrugged.

"Ah yes," Snape said giving an evil smile, "our new celebrity." He said giving the Gryffindor's a menacing look while the Slytherin's sniggered. Everyone in Gryffindor cowered from his menacing look, but Harry stood his ground. He gave a defiant hard look that made Snape look at Harry twice.

He glanced at Harry for a few moments of silence as if thinking who he should taunt first; his arch-rival's son, or The Boy Who Lived. He decided to get a rise out of the Wizard World's hero first.

"Longbottom! What would I get if I added powered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?" Snape said suddenly.

Longbottom immediately began to stutter.

"Don't know? Let's try again Longbottom. Where would you look if I told you to find me a Bezoar?" Snape sneered while his Slytherin's sniggered. Malfoy was giving the Gryffindor's an evil grin.

Hermione who was next to Harry was waving madly. Harry immediately gave a look that said don't and she lowered her arm, but glared at him.

"In the Forbidden forest?" Neville said meekly.

"Incorrect! Five points from Gryffindor. Tell me Mr. Longbottom, you thought you wouldn't have to open a book before coming to this class, eh, Longbottom?" Snape sneered.

Neville was quiet. He was giving Snape a cold look of fury. Harry smirked slightly, serves him right. It'll help knock his ego down a notch or two. Snape caught Harry's gaze, and said suddenly. "Mr. Potter, how about you? Your face tells me you might know." Snape sneered menacingly.

Wanting to get on Snape's good side, Harry answered in a polite and soft voice that was unlike his own.

"When powdered root of asphodel is infused with wormwood it can create a sleeping potion so powerful, it is called the, 'The Draught of Living Death.' As for a Bezoar is a stone taken from the stomach of a goat and it will save you from most poisons, Professor Snape" Harry said the last part in a very respectful tone.

Snape gave Harry an unreadable expression and announced out loud.

"Correct. Twenty points to Gryffindor. You seem to have an interest in Potions and know your Potion ingredients well. Well, answer this: What are the key ingredients for the Werewolf potion, Wolfsbane?" Snape asked.

Harry inwardly frowned. That question was a 6th year question, but Harry not wanting to disappoint Snape and get on his bad side, answered in a respectful tone.

"The key ingredients for Wolfsbane are Moonstones and the hair of a Werewolf." Harry said calmly. He had only remembered because he had wanted to learn how to make the Potion for Remus.

Snape nodded approvingly.

"Ten points to Gryffindor. You seem to inherit your mother's potions skills." Snape said turning around back to the board and began the class lesson for the day, however Harry heard him murmur, "Unlike your father, who didn't."

With Snape's back turned towards him, everyone was looking at Harry in awe.

During the entire Potions lesson, Snape took another 15 points from Neville and the other Gryffindor's he also tried to question Harry on his potions work and was surprised at Harry's knowledge and skill. Grudgingly admitting that Harry was good, he left Harry alone and went to mess with the other Gryffindor's. When class ended, everyone was praising Harry. Harry just smiled and accompanied Hermione to lunch.

During lunch the news spread out like wild fire. 'The Potter boy had impressed Snape and even earned points for Gryffindor!' Snape had NEVER given Gryffindor points before. Nobody could remember a time when he did. McGonagall gave Harry a rare small smile when she caught his eye. Harry smiled back cheerfully.

So much for being discreet...

While he was eating lunch, he saw that Hermione gasped while reading the paper.

"Hermione what's wrong?" Harry asked.

She said nothing but gave him the Daily Prophet.

Harry's face had showed no emotion when he read the article, he had to remind himself again to watch Quirrell carefully. He didn't want to break his cover. Nonetheless, Harry's first week at Hogwarts was a blast.

The following week Harry noticed that Neville and Malfoy were at each other's throat again. Malfoy who thought he was supreme, tried to pick on every Gryffindor first year, but when he tried to mess with Hermione one day. It was a big mistake for him...

Bang!

Malfoy flew all the way down the hall and fell in front of McGonagall and Professor Flitwick.

"Don't you dare call my friend Hermione by that vile name! I don't give a damn if you're a Malfoy or a Pureblood. Muggle-borns, Half-

bloods, and Purebloods, we're all the same. We have magical power and we are who we are. You want to know something? Our blood means nothing to our strengths. I don't judge people of who they are from appearance like houses or blood. If you're a Slytherin, you're a Slytherin, if you're a Muggle-born, you're a Muggle-born. Live with it! You want to compare fathers? My father is an Auror Captain of the Magical Law Enforcement, and yours is a good for nothing wizard that does nothing all day but sits on his ass and makes deals with a corrupted Minister. My dad would kick your father's ass from here to Siberia. He's the most elite Auror of the entire Law Enforcement next to Mad-eye Moody. Got it you fucking stuck up spoiled brat? Don't fuck with me Malfoy! This is a warning. If you try to bully my best friend again, or make any Muggle-born, or Half-blood comments about her, I'm going to humiliate you so bad... you won't never show your face again in public... Got it?"Harry said in a cold menacing voice that would have made Voldemort proud.

Everyone had flinched at his tone, while some backed away from him.

Malfoy began to whimper, he had at least broken his arm from his fall.

"Mr. Potter!" McGonagall shouted.

Harry gave her an icy look while trying to keep his magical suppresser from cracking. It wouldn't look good, if his magic exploded and knocked everyone in the hallway unconscious.

She faltered for moment but regained her composure.

"Mr. Potter, 50 points from Gryffindor, detention with me for attacking a student and watch your language!" She shouted at him.

Harry shrugged her comment off. He didn't care about the points, the Gryffindor's knew how much points he made every day for Gryffindor. It was nothing to them. They were leading by a hundred points anyway with the points that were taken. Seeing Malfoy getting his ass whooped, was worth it.

"Are you not going to deduct points from Slytherin as well?" Harry asked calmly.



She gave him firm look and spoke.

"Mr. Malfoy." She said sharply as she conjured a stretcher for him. "For calling a nasty offending name in public, 50 points from Slytherin and an apology note to Ms. Granger." McGonagall said calmly while Flitwick was levitating Malfoy onto the stretcher. You could tell he was giving Harry a praising look for defending his friend.

Harry didn't say anything but turned away with Hermione who was giving him a admiring look but tried to look disapproving.

Before he approach her, all the Gryffindor's, Ravenclaw's, Hufflepuff's, and even some Slytherin's who were Muggle-borns and Half-bloods in the hallway began to clap for him.

Harry flushed and walked off with Hermione in toe.

When they finally a good distance away, Hermione was berating Harry.

"Harry! You shouldn't have attacked him like that. In front of a Professor too! You don't have to defend me just because he called me that, but..."

"He called you a Mud-blood. It's a major insult to Muggle-borns. I'm sure you remember what I told you about how pureblood's think of Muggle-borns." Seeing her nod, Harry continued.

"Purebloods like Malfoy disgrace the name of wizardry, one day... in a thousand years, the Purebloods will be extinct. They are slowly dying out. At the moment, they are marrying their distant cousins. Soon enough, they will be marrying their brothers or sisters. They don't understand how life works here in the world. As for defending you, you're my friend. No one insults my best friend. I mean it. No one messes with my friends and get away with it. I will break every bone in his body if he ever tries to mess with my friends. If he does something again, tell me. Ok Hermione?" Harry asked.

Hermione nodded. She was so shocked. Her friend Harry called her his best friend and the way Harry acted he was so loyal to his friends. Perhaps sometime in the future maybe they could be a more than friends. She really liked him, she noted to herself to send her mother a letter about him.

Harry smiled. Then suddenly they heard some clapping. Relying on instinct, Harry immediately turned around wand out of his holster ready for combat. Looking at the position of the clapping sound, he noticed it was Dumbledore.

"Ah, you have loyalty that would make even Godric Gryffindor proud Mr. Potter, 20 points to Gryffindor for an excellent explanation of the discrimination of Muggle-borns and loyalty to a friend." Dumbledore replied with his eyes twinkling.

Harry gave a small nod. He didn't trust Dumbledore in this dimension. Dumbledore probably heard what he did to Malfoy. Someone with that much power as a first year, would of course grab any teacher's attention, especially Dumbledore. Suddenly Harry felt him trying to penetrate his mental barriers. Harry had instantly on reflex strengthened his barrier and left a small note on them. 'Fuck OFF, Headmaster.'

Dumbledore looked truly shocked. It was kind of funny.

"So Mr. Potter, you have learned the arts of Occlumency. I'm surprised." Dumbledore said smiling wider.

Harry inwardly rolled his eyes.

"Of course, I taught myself Occlumency." Harry replied.

"Mr. Potter, learning Occlumency on your own is truly a magnificent accomplishment. It is also illegal." Dumbledore said seriously.

Harry smirked.

"Actually Headmaster, what I read in the Law Enforcement handbook was that it while it is illegal to use Legilimency on people, creating mental barriers against Legilimency is not" Harry smirked.

Dumbledore smiled.

His twinkle was on full blast, inwardly he was surprised. The 1st year before him was quite impressive and very talented. He was going to go ask James and Lily if they had helped their son in any way to become this strong. Knowing the rules and laws of the Magical world

at age of eleven was really impressive. He heard from Minerva how a certain student defended their friend and shot off a powerful bludgeoning spell that knocked a student all the way along the hallway.

Across the hallway...

Every hallway at Hogwarts has the distance of at least 25 meters or more. Harry Potter was the same student who all the teachers were talking about this past week. He was advanced in every subject, except History, but who wasn't? He was advised that the child should be sent to a higher grade.

He was a rare prodigy...

To have such power and intelligence as a first year, this child was definitely powerful. It didn't hurt that he was the possible Prophecy child. He was definitely going to recruit him into the Order of the Phoenix should Voldemort ever rise again. Harry's parents would definitely agree since they were Order members as well.

"Well Mr. Potter, I'm here to tell you your detention with McGonagall is tonight at 8. Do not be late." He said smiling down at the student.

Harry only smiled back.

After he left, Hermione questioned Harry about Occlumency. Harry explained it to her, and from the way Harry explained it to her it sounded hard and complicated, especially to a first year Hermione Granger. But she really didn't want people to read her thoughts or go through her memories. Harry promised her that he would teach her Occlumency in the near future, it would help organize the mind, but Harry knew she already had an organized mind seeing how she read the entire Hogwarts library in his dimension. He probably would have to train Hermione to defend herself in case Malfoy would ever try and do something stupid in the future.

At the end of day, it was all over school that Harry whipped the floor with Draco Malfoy one of the most respected Purebloods from Slytherin. Malfoy did not even look at him in the eye during dinner. He was holding his bandaged broken arm in a sling.

The next day started the same as usual, that is until Harry and Hermione went to the Astronomy class taught by one Aurora Sinistra.

As everyone entered the Astronomy tower, Harry went and sat at the front. A few minutes later an out of breathe Hermione joined him. He felt a brush of skin as she took his right side. Her hands were extremely close to his, really close. Ever since he made the big scene with Draco Malfoy a day ago, Hermione seemed to always sit really close by him, a little too close for comfort.

Harry looked over to her as Professor Sinistra started to explain what her class was all about. Hermione was paying close attention at the front of the class, not noticing Harry looking at her. 'I wonder what's gotten into her, first she hugged me this morning and the last three classes she sat very close to me, sometimes rubbing my hands'

"Mr. Potter can you please look this way, I know miss Granger is a pretty girl, but you don't have to stare at her like a lost puppy"

Harry jerked his head from staring at Hermione to look at the front of the room. Aurora Sinistra was a beautiful witch; Harry had to admit, with long light red hair that fell to her waist, red lips, and an hour glass figure covered by her black robes. Harry knew all about her, because she is good friends with his mother. Harry figured her age was 24 maybe 25, because his mother told him, she met Aurora when she was the seventh year head girl and Aurora was a first year. (Figure out Lily's age)(30-31 – Xadro)

"I'm sorry professor it won't happen again, please continue" Harry said with a puppy look thrown at the young professor.

"Better not, Har- Mr. Potter, now as I was saying, I was a Ravenclaw during my time here at Hogwarts, I was head girl as well."

After she introduced herself to everyone, she went on to explain to everyone the difficulty that is astronomy and that it was not something they should take lightly, she went on like that until the end of the class.

As the next few days passed, every 1st year had heard of the big news.

Flying lessons...

Hermione of course, was worried. Though she had not said anything, he knew from his old dimension that she was afraid of heights.

Neville was boasting about his flying skills to everyone. Hell, every student that had a magical background was boasting about their flying skills, except Harry who just read on. Like his old dimension, Malfoy was unsurprisingly boasting loudly with the most ridiculous stories.

Lately, he had tended to stay away from Harry though. Harry was definitely a dangerous person to cross he found out after that incident in the hallway. Malfoy had definitely stayed away from Hermione ever since then. However Harry knew better... he knew Malfoy always tended to gather some courage back up and go at it again like always. For a Slytherin, he was quite dumb, to make all Muggle-borns know he was a well known enemy, which was just dumb ignorance. Sometimes he would act like a Gryffindor.

That small fight had caused a small reaction for a few people. After the incident with Malfoy, Neville was being extra nice to Harry again and trying to get him to hang out with his crew, which was Dean, Ron, and Seamus. Of course they were also friends with Harry, but Harry rejected the offer flatly and said he was his own person and that he was fine with who he was hanging out with. In reality, he didn't want to hang out with Neville period, unless he got his act straighten up.

Harry became friends with almost every 1st year, including a few Slytherin's ever since Harry had knocked a Malfoy a peg down a bit. Not only would he chat with them as friends, but he would help tutor them sometimes since he was top of his class and it was clear to everyone that he was brilliant.

A pretty girl named Blaise Zabini was a really good friend to him and Hermione. She was a Pureblood and hated Malfoy with a passion. She had congratulated him for putting Malfoy in his place. Harry had remembered from his old universe that the Zabini's were always neutral. It wasn't a cover up either. They really were neutral and were one of the most respected Pureblood families like the Potters. He remembered in the war that Voldemort took neutrality as a sign

of an enemy. If you weren't with him, you were automatically against him.

Voldemort had tried to kill the Zabini's off, but Harry interrupted the attack and saved Blaise, her mother, and several of her brothers and sisters. However, he had failed to save her father, but Harry won the respect of the Zabini's. They had immediately joined the Order of the Phoenix after that attack. He found it funny that Blaise had a crush on him since 3rd year, but she hid it by her cold Slytherin exterior. Sometimes when they were alone, she would soften up to him and sometimes cry about her father. Harry would always be there to comfort her when she needed it. Her parents were very important and respected people in the Wizengamot. They proved to be useful for the Order with the fame of The Boy Who Lived and Albus Dumbledore who defeated Grindelwald; they got Fudge and the entire corrupted Ministry officials kicked out of office after the war. Arthur Weasley was immediately given the title. It was funny how people demanded to the Wizengamot to lower the age limit for Minister of Magic. They had all wanted Harry to become Minister. He couldn't help but laugh at the memory.

During breakfast Harry had received a letter from his mother while Hermione was giving those who couldn't fly or those who were to scared tips on how to fly. Neville was mocking her and laughing at her. When she noticed, she looked hurt and heartbroken. Neville was immediately silence when Harry had cast a silencing spell at Neville. Immediately his followers all shut up with him and left Hermione alone. She was thankful, but she told him off, he should stop defending her; some people would begin to hate him. Harry laughed it off.

"Hermione... you're a great friend. I would do anything for you. Even it means killing an innocent puppy to save you. I would do it in a heartbeat." That said, she immediately hugged him, but berated him for using a puppy as an example. The girls that were eaves dropping on them made several 'Awws' while several others were giving Hermione jealous looks. There was no doubt about that Harry would be a great boyfriend in the future. He was strong, intelligent, protective, loyal, and hot, the perfect combination for a boyfriend in a long term. It was just too bad he was a first year and to young for them.

"Hey Harry... didn't your mother send you a letter?" Hermione asked while smiling at Harry warmly for his loyalty to her.

"Yeah, she wanted to berate me. Apparently, she heard of me giving Professor Snape a hard time and about what I did to Draco Malfoy. After she was done, she gave me congratulations for defending my friends and Muggle-borns in general, said she was proud of me, but at the same time trying to not be proud of me for picking fights." Harry said confused at the letter that his mother wrote.

Hermione smiled.

After he was done eating his breakfast, he went off to classes. Harry noticed that Neville had just got himself an expensive Remembrall. He was showing it off to their house mates saying that it would help him and his pals with their homework. 'Interesting...' Harry thought. A few days later, flying classes started. Everyone was excited. Harry wondered how he was going to get on the Quidditch team without Neville freaking out and losing his remembrall. Neville was completely different than in his old dimension. Maybe he should wait until next year and tryout like every other normal wizard and witch.

"For the last time Mr. Longbottom, no first year can join the Quidditch team!" Madame Hooch said heated to a desperate Neville Longbottom.

She sighed and ordered them to stand next to their brooms.

"Now, what are you all waiting for? Everyone stand by a broomstick and put your right hand over your broomstick and say 'UP!'" (What about the lefties? – Xadro)

Everyone did so. Harry was the only one where the broom came up during the first call. Neville and Draco Malfoy had shot Harry a nasty look, but Harry just ignored it. He didn't want to have a fight with those two because of jealousy.

People were slowly getting it. Hermione and a couple Muggle-borns weren't having any luck, theirs weren't moving anywhere.

"Hermione, I know you can do it, don't try to command it. Feel it. The broomstick is not just a thing... it's like a living creature with

emotions. Try and feel its emotions and summon it again." Harry said encouraging her.

That was all it was needed for her to get her broom.

"Up!" She shouted while listening to her Harry's advice.

The broom instantly shot up to her hand. She gave Harry one of her rare one of a kind smile that she would only show to her closest friends or family.

"Thank you Harry."

Cough

They looked up to see Madame Hooch looking at Harry impressively.

"Hello." Harry said cheerfully.

"Mr. Potter, you seem to know what you're talking about. You must be excellent Quidditch player like your father. Funny, I heard your father tell me you have no interest in Quidditch." She replied amused at his sudden cheerful attitude.

"What? Oh yes, that's true. I prefer to read more then play." Harry lied smoothly.

She gave him an odd look.

"Funny, the way you explained it to Ms. Granger on how to control your broom, only ones who love the feeling of flying can understand how to control it. You must be an excellent Quidditch player I admit." She said smiling at him.

Harry had only smiled back.

She turned back around and started to help everyone control their brooms. When she was done, she barked out.

"Now, when I blow my whistle, you kick off from the ground, hard, keep your brooms steady, rise a few feet, and then come straight back down by leaning forward slightly, on my whistle, three... two... one!" She blew it hard.



Some people managed to float up a little bit. While Hooch was helping some other students, Harry saw Neville and Malfoy talking heatedly about who was better. Then all of a sudden both of them took off with Neville following Malfoy. Madame Hooch immediately demanded them to return but they were long gone. They were following each other. Next thing you know Malfoy kicked Neville who lost his balance and fell.

Neville had broken his wrist.

"Déjà vu..." Harry murmured. Hermione noticed Harry's murmuring. If this was anime, you would have seen multiple question marks above of Hermione's head.

"Mr. Longbottom! Mr. Malfoy! How dare you two fly that high without authorization and a deliberate attack? You two are in big trouble!" Hooch screamed.

Malfoy just sneered when he flew back down. Neville was still whimpering.

"Malfoy you will remain here, I'll deal with you later. I'm bringing Mr. Longbottom to the Hospital Wing. If I see any of you in the air, you will regret it, especially you Mr. Malfoy." She said calmly.

Everyone nodded while Harry was debating if Malfoy was going to fly up or not. He noticed that Neville dropped his Remembrall. 'This is just too convenient.' Harry thought.

"Do you think Neville will be okay Harry?" Hermione whispered in a worried voice.

Harry did not understand why she was so worried for. Personally, Harry thought he deserved it.

"I could care less" Harry said, in an annoyed tone.

When Hooch left, Harry noticed Malfoy taunt about how Neville was bragging and he wasn't even a good flyer to begin with. To Harry's surprise, Ron got up and stood up to him. Malfoy immediately laughed and traded insults, and then he flew off with the Remembrall.

Before Ron could fly off, Harry interrupted.

"Weasley, let me handle him." Harry said with an even voice. Ron nodded somewhat meekly. He seen how dangerous Harry could be and disagreeing with him is never a good idea, especially when he talked serious and it was common knowledge that Harry was the only Gryffindor in 1st year that would stand up to a Malfoy and Neville without a hint of fear.

Harry immediately flew up to Draco and met him amidst Hermione's protest that he shouldn't.

"So, Potter, you may be strong, but can you fly?" Malfoy mocked.

Harry didn't even flinch.

"I don't have time for little games Malfoy. Give me the Remembrall or I'll kill you." Harry said coldly.

Malfoy went pale white and flinched horribly.

"Well then... how about you catch it?" Malfoy mocked, but with a hint of fear.

Before Harry could respond, Malfoy threw the Remembrall high into the air.

In an instant Harry was flying past him at brink neck speed.

If someone was watching him closely, you could see that he was smiling. Harry noticed the broom was very slow compared to his Firebolt. Like last time, it was quite easy to catch the Remembrall when it was just inches off the ground.

As to finish it in style, he had flipped forward with his broom to make him land in a stylish professional way. Before he could say anything, he heard McGonagall scream.

"Harry James Potter!"

Harry inwardly winced and murmured.

"Déjà vu definitely..."

"Never... in all my time at Hogwarts..." She trailed off while looking speechless.

"How dare you... might have broken your neck... what would your mother say?" McGonagall said still in shock.

Harry immediately felt horrible. She just had to mention his mother. Shit, he didn't think of his mother. Oh god, she's going to scream like there's no tomorrow. Crap, he might even get howler. He began to whimper at the thought of his mum being disappointed.

While Harry was in self pity, all his friends were defending him, it weren't just the Gryffindor's that were defending him... the Ravenclaw's, Hufflepuff's, and even some Slytherins protested just as hard, much to McGonagall's surprise. Harry had definitely had created a loyal band of friends.

"Enough, Mr. Potter, follow me, now." She said evenly.

Harry winced. For some reason, she sounded more severe than his old dimension.

"Weasley, give this to your pal Neville." Harry said leaving behind an angered crowd at how McGonagall scolded Harry and not Malfoy. Ron nodded mutely. He was kind of pissed. Harry was a better friend then Neville who always was getting in trouble. Harry didn't even get along with Neville and yet he went to go get the Remembrall for him.

Harry stared at McGonagall and nodded when she gave him an eye that said hurry and follow. Inwardly he had a good feeling on what was about to happened even though she was giving him the 'Eye.'

Talking to Wood was interesting...

"Potter you say? Your father is James Potter is he not?" Wood said excitedly.

Harry nodded.

Wood whooped.

"Wow, the son of the legendary star player James Potter." Wood giggled when happiness.

"Is my father that Legendary?" Harry asked confused. He knew his father was good, but to impress even Wood the Quidditch fanatic, wow.

"Is your father Legendary? What the hell? Don't you know? Your father was asked to play for almost every Quidditch team in Europe. Ireland demanded to get your father before he graduated! Bulgaria was pleading him. They even sent the coaches and some of the professional team mates to get him. I heard rumors they tried to evens seduce him! Your father was probably the best player in Europe! He was an All-round player for every position!"

"Shit! I knew he was good, but to play all positions?" Harry said unbelievably. This information he didn't know.

"Yeah." Woody said excitedly. "Anyhow, since I have a free period, let's see what you made of!"

Thirty Minutes Later...

"Good lord, we're definitely going to win the Quidditch cup this year! You're not just good at Seeker, but Chaser as well!" Wood said giggling like mad. It was scaring Harry.

"Yes. Well...."

"Tell me... does your brother and sisters play just as good?" Wood asked.

Harry gave a smile. Hell yeah they were good, Harry had to admit, Sakura and Rosa were like the Weasley twins! Leon was unstoppable as a Keeper. Only their father managed to score on him. Sylvia... well... by the looks of it, she looked like she wanted to be a Chaser.

"Yeah, there great, they are all really impressive. My whole family likes Quidditch besides my mum." Harry said truthfully. His mum did not like Quidditch.

"Hmm... a shame that a mother is not interested in her children's dreams."

Though he would never voice it out loud to her, Harry silently agreed.

"Anyhow! We're going to have practice soon! I'll give you the details later young Harry!" Wood said in ecstasy mode while patting his head as if he was a little kid.

"Uh huh."

That said, they both left the field.

When Harry went the opposite way of Wood, Harry began to wander around the abandon part of the castle. He was in deep thought.

Harry had remembered that time well on how Ireland and France asked him in his 6th year to join their Reserve Quidditch team when he had refused to play his House Quidditch team that year. They had all heard of his excellent Quidditch skills and they had wanted him to be a part of their team, but he refused. He was more worried about the war instead of a Quidditch game.

Since his rejection, Ireland had spent constant time sending him countless of letters pleading. He had to admit, they were pretty desperate. From what he remembered at the Quidditch World Cup, Ireland had a crappy seeker, but the best overall team. France didn't want him as a Reserve Seeker; they wanted him on the real team. He had to admit, he was pretty close to accepting when Fleur was begging him, but he told her after the war, he wouldn't mind joining them. He heard becoming a Quidditch Player for France they get huge benefits. He never knew what Fleur meant by that when she said it, but by the way she was winking at him, he had gotten a good idea.

Harry sighed. Quidditch was sometimes troublesome. This year though, he would try and win the Quidditch cup. He wasn't going to be knocked out for weeks after dealing with Quirrell. Correction, if he had to deal with Quirrell at all. He had a lot more experience in fighting now. So he was definitely more than ready. He laughed at the thought of being ready, hell, he was ready to kill him and his Inner circle Death Eaters.

Suddenly Harry realized how late it was. The sky was already dimming. Sighing, Harry departed for the kitchens. He didn't want to face dinner with the whole Gryffindor table asking him for question on what happened. He didn't feel like facing questions from Hermione who would be wondering what McGonagall wanted with him after the fiasco with the Remembrall and everything.

AN: Don't forget to visit [xadro\(dot\)net](http://xadro(dot)net) to discuss about the story.

## Chapter 6: The Howler & the Troll

"What!" Hermione screeched.

Everyone in the Gryffindor common room stared at the two.

"Shhhh!" Harry said quietly.

"Sorry." She whispered.

Everyone went back to their conversations.

"Nobody is supposed to know, it's supposed to be..."

"Congratulations Harry!" The twins said interrupted them.

Everyone in the common room was now staring at them.

"Wood told us. We're on the team too; The Gryffindor Beaters. Welcome aboard to the Gryffindor Quidditch team Mr. Seeker!" Fred said excitedly.

Everyone gasped. Neville was immediately giving Harry murderous looks.

Harry sighed. He knew how they found out, but he had to fake it.

"Why did he tell you? He told me to keep it quiet." Harry said giving them curious looks.

"Are you kidding me?" George said staring at him as if he grew an extra head.

"Wood was practically skipping around between classes and bragging to everyone that they found a seeker that would put Charlie Weasley to shame." Fred laughed.

Harry groan as the twins laughter.

Soon after everyone was congratulating him...

"Harry!" Hermione said impatiently.

"Sorry Hermione." Harry said after receiving twin kisses from two 3rd years much to the annoyance to Hermione. She threw them a nasty glare in which they ignored.

"Anyway...." She snapped.

Before she could say another word, Ron Weasley interrupted.

Harry saw Hermione gave the red head a glare. Harry knew why, Ron found Hermione annoying when she kept lecturing people about rules and everything and Hermione didn't like Ron either.

"Hey Harry." Ron said uncomfortably.

"Hello Ron." Harry said giving him a wondering look.

"I wanted to say.... I wanted to say I'm sorry for being a prat all this time, I was wondering... if we could be friends? I don't think I want to hang out with Neville anymore. I just realize we weren't really friends, he didn't even remember my name until the 1st week of school ended." Ron said looking down. His ears were bright red.

Hermione was about to open her mouth, but Harry interrupted her.

"Let me think, Hell no!" Harry said smirking.

"Why, I mean I know I have been a prat to you and her, can't you just forgive me?" Ron asked.

"Well first of all I don't like how you treat my girl-friend here" Harry said nodding at Hermione. "And secondly I don't like your guts nor your brain, so leave before I pull a Draco Malfoy on you!"

Ron, not wanting to be thrown across the common room ran back up stairs to the boy's dormitory. Harry performed a quick Legilimency scan on Ron as he went by, and was shocked at what he found out about his former best friend. Ron just wanted to be friends with Harry because Harry was smart and because Dumbledore set him up for it. Harry gave a sad look at the retreating back of his ex-best friend. 'I guess the Dumbledore here is different than the Dumbledore from my old universe' Harry thought to himself, before facing a blushing Hermione.



"Harry maybe you should have accepted his offer of friendship" Hermione asked in a small and sad voice. "I mean, I am like one of the only people you hang out with".

"Hermione, Ron only wanted to be friends with me because he wanted to copy my homework, at the moment his grade average is a Troll, not surprising, he is dumber than Neville" Harry replied as he and Hermione headed for the Great Hall for breakfast.

"I'd rather be friends with Malfoy than with him; at least Draco is smart and has his uses. The only thing that is stopping me are my family and my logic" Harry said as he started eating his toast that Hermione put on his plate, she seemed to do that ever since he defended her from Malfoy.

"Family I understand, but logic?"

"Hermione, Draco Malfoy is a Slytherin, and like most Slytherin, he is a backstabber. If he gets into trouble, he will blame you and will have his footsteps covered up, why do you think Lucius Malfoy isn't in prison. Believe it or not I am related to him, by my grandmother's side, Lisa Moon Potter. Not to mention my aunt Lisa Katherine Potter married Salazar Malfoy" Harry concluded, he was not surprised to find Hermione give him a distant and curious look.

"Let me guess, you are wondering how I can be so nice, if I am related to the Malfoys?" Hermione gave him a nod. "My dear Hermione, just because I am related to the Malfoys means nothing. I am my own person and anyway you can see from my aunt's case that, being related to someone doesn't really matter in the pureblood society, and anyway I think that Draco Malfoy is a scared little bitch" Harry concluded.

"Speaking of Malfoy..." Ron interrupted as he walked into the Hall, which was almost filled by students.

Harry gave him annoyed look, 'Neville must have done something to him, for him to keep coming back to me even after telling him to get lost' Harry thought.

"Neville and Malfoy were arguing earlier. They're planning to have a wizards duel. We should stop them." Ron said sadly looking at Harry like he was a piece of meat.

"I agree. We have to stop them!" Hermione said in a business like tone.

Harry rolled his eyes.

"Don't worry Hermione; leave them alone, it's their problem." Harry said calming her down.

"Harry! If they get in trouble, we'll lose some serious points. All those points you gained for Gryffindor will diminished. We're at least 200 points ahead then the houses thanks to you. Do you know that all the other houses want you to be part of their house so you can earn their house massive points? Not to mention when they find out you became seeker as a first year. While you're gaining points, Neville is losing points! If it wasn't for you, we would have been in the negatives!" She scowled at him. Neville in the back ground scowled at hearing how he was being mentioned for losing points for Gryffindor.

"Hermione! Calm down." Harry said trying to soothe her. It wasn't working.

"Harry, if you don't do something, I'm going to tell a teacher!" She warned.

"Why do I have..." "Everyone looks up to you." Ron and Hermione said at the same time with a serious face.

Harry stood up from his seat.

"Look up to me?" Harry blurted out at them while getting up.

Hermione had gotten up and began shouting.

"Yes, the moment you entered Hogwarts, you have Gryffindor in lead of the House Cup who hasn't won the House cup in several years, you became a hero to the Muggle-borns, you defend other houses and people who you don't know who were getting picked on, you even defended Slytherin, in which three fourth's the people in Hogwarts hate, and you keep the bullies away from picking on other people, and now you become the youngest seeker in two centuries!" Hermione yelled.

Before Harry could respond, there were a lot of cheers in the Gryffindor common room. 'Damn straight.' 'That's right.' 'Harry you're my hero.' 'You tell him girlfriend.'

Harry blushed.

"Now, do you want me to continue?" Hermione asked.

Harry sighed and joking said.

"It sounds nice when you compliment me Hermione, are you trying to ask me on a date?" Immediately the people in the room burst into laughter and Hermione turned beet red.

"Harry James Potter!" Hermione screeched as she moved towards Harry, now standing in front of him.

Ron immediately cowered. Harry didn't even flinch or cower he just spoke to her quietly so that only she could hear.

"When bed time ends, I'm going to cast a locking charm on the door. Are you happy now?" Harry whispered.

She didn't say anything but nodded.

Everyone was still laughing. Harry smiled inwardly.

Later that night, he cast a minor size locking charm on the door and if Neville and his friends can break this 2nd year locking charm, then they deserved the right to duel Malfoy. It wasn't his business to begin with.

The next day Malfoy was looking smug. Harry wondered if Malfoy thought they got into trouble or not. Harry ignored the two enemies while they were glaring at each other. That was when Harry noticed the house points for the school.

'What the fuck?' Harry said looking at the hourglass unbelievably.

Gryffindor was down by 200 points!

Looking over his shoulder, Harry caught the angry and dejected looks on Neville, Dean, Seamus, and Hermione.

'No... those idiots!'

Heh... you're the idiot who didn't put a powerful locking charm on the door. Didn't you say if they could break down the locking charm, they had their own right to fight if they wanted to? Besides, don't mess with fate. Let fate do its work.

Harry said nothing. It wasn't his fault, but he knew he could have prevented it.

'Damn, all those points I earned for Gryffindor was for nothing.'

Gryffindor now had 192 points, Ravenclaw had 204, Hufflepuff 175, and Slytherin 195. Harry groaned to himself when he heard the whispers of why Gryffindor lost so many points, Neville, Seamus, Dean, and Hermione were busted for sneaking out late at night and lost 200 hundred points. They were leading by at least 200 points at most, and now they were down by two hundred points. Oh, Gryffindor was going to hate Hermione and Neville and his friends for a while.

Harry groaned again and gave Hermione a sharp look that she suddenly looked uncomfortable with. She gave him an apologetic look and mouthed that she was going to explain later.

Harry shook his head, and was about to get up and leave, but suddenly his attention was attracted to a red envelope that his family owl that was coming to him while carrying a wrapped up broom.

He gulped. What did he do? Harry didn't notice Ron whimpering, Neville having a smug look on his face, and Hermione giving him a curious look no doubt confused why he was afraid of a red envelope. By the looks of it, Ron knew what it meant, but Hermione didn't.

Before he could pick up the letter, Neville had other ideas, thinking he could throw off the Gryffindor's ire from him and his friends to Harry, thinking Harry was in deep trouble to receive an howler.

"Look Potter has a Howler. I bet he's in trouble." Immediately he and some of his friends laughed. Before Harry knew it, the Howler had exploded and huge sweet booming voice spoke up.

HARRY SWEETIE! WE JUST HEARD THE NEWS. YOUNGEST SEEKER IN TWO CENTURIES! YOUR FATHER IS SO PROUD OF YOU. HE'S CELEBRATING WITH YOUR UNCLE SIRIUS IN HAPPINESS! OH HONEY WE'RE SO PROUD OF YOU!

Harry blush beet red as the letter shouted out loud to the entire Great Hall. Neville was looking furious at him for being praised instead of being yelled at. Malfoy looked murderous because Harry was given permission to join the Quidditch team as a 1st year. Everyone else was laughing at a beet red Harry. He thought it stopped there, but he was horrified as it continued.

OH SWEETIE, I ALSO HEARD THAT YOU'RE TOP OF YOUR CLASS! YOU'RE TURNING OUT SO MUCH LIKE ME. THANK MERLIN I HAVEN'T GOT A LETTER ABOUT YOU PULLING PRANKS. I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT HOW YOU WERE DOING ALONE AND IT TURNED OUT THAT YOU WERE DOING JUST FINE. YOUR FATHER SAYS HI, AS WELL AS YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS. OH YES, THANK YOU SWEETIE FOR THE FLOWERS, IT WAS THOUGHTFUL OF YOU TO SEND FLOWERS TO ME. ALL MY FRIENDS ARE TELLING ME YOU'RE SUCH A SWEETHEART FOR SENDING YOUR DEAR MOMMY FLOWERS. YOU'RE SUCH A DEAR, SWEETIE. CONGRATULATIONS AGAIN SWEETIE.

LOTS OF LOVE

MOMMY

By the time it was done, Harry's head was under the table. He was blushing so red... it rivaled the legendary Weasley's.

Some of the teachers at the staff table had various expressions. Dumbledore had his usual twinkle in overdrive, Snape gave a dark sneer with a hint of a curl on his lips, Flitwick was laughing, and McGonagall was smiling, Sinistra winked at him, and all the other staff members were smirking, and trying to hide their laughter.

The whole student body was laughing at him. Some of the upper classmen called him a 'Momma's Boy.' The girls were talking how sweet he was for sending his mother flowers. Hermione was cracking up like mad, all her sadness from yesterday night forgotten.

"Oh Harry, I knew you were a momma's boy, but wow, you weren't kidding." That said she burst out in another fresh bout of laughter.

Harry blushed and opened the package up to reveal his Nimbus 2000. There was a note on the bottom.

Awww... you get to play Quidditch as a first year, I'm so jealous, here's your broom. Love ya bro! I told mom not to send you a Howler, but she was had a dreamy look in her eyes and humming. I don't think she heard me.

Your dearest sister,

Sakura

Harry smiled inwardly.

Ron had gasped as he looked at the package in front of Harry.

"Bloody hell, isn't that a Nimbus 2000!" Ron gasped. Everyone in Gryffindor immediately came to look.

"Wow Harry, you hit the jack-pot!"

"No, shit sherlock"

"Damn straight! We're definitely going to win the Quidditch Cup this year."

"I hope so!"

"Wow I never even touched one. How cool. Can I have a ride on it?"

"What about hell no" Harry responded looking at Ron with an evil glare.

"Is it really yours?"

"Yes..." Harry said trying to control the situation. "My mum and dad bought it for me the first time it came out. So of course it's mine."

"Sure momma's boy."

Everyone snickered at a beet red Harry.

'Dear God, why did she have to embarrass me like this?'

By the end of the day, everyone was now calling Harry a momma's boy. He blushed beet red every time. The next day he decided to go visit Hagrid. Hagrid was grateful of course and they had a good conversation. When Hermione saw a hatched Dragon, she immediately scolded him for it. He told him he understood already and that Dumbledore was going to send it to Romania, since Draco was eavesdropping on him one day. The dragon had nearly bit Hermione's arm off it wasn't for Harry's quick reflexes.

Later that day, Hermione tried to explain to Harry what happened and how she lost points for Gryffindor. Seeing her dejected look, Harry told her he'll earn it back as quick as he could and everyone would forget about it, Hermione looked like she could've kissed him.

A few weeks later, Halloween was coming. Harry overheard the boys in his dorm talking about going to the Forbidden Corridor for fun. Later that night, Harry had Shadow teleported to the room where the Mirror of Erised was hidden. (In this dimension, Dumbledore had left the Mirror of Erised in the Forbidden floor all this time.) He began to examine all the traps and puzzles that were hidden here. He returned back to his dorm after he made sure he put a few powerful locking charms that no first year could open.

The next day while they were in charms, they were practicing the Levitation Charm. Harry didn't hear or see that Hermione and Ron were arguing about the Levitation charm. He was too busy helping Professor Flitwick teach everyone else the charm.

Harry's knowledge was legendary...The teachers asked him if he wanted to take a test to see what year he could really be in. From the knowledge he shown, they said he would be a 2nd or 3rd year at most. Harry told them no, because he wanted to be with people his age. He didn't want his mum to send another Howler about how smart he was for being transfer two or three grades levels higher.

He wrote her a long letter about sending a Howler and about much she embarrassed him.

She had paid the letter no heed.

She just said she was proud and excited so she didn't care. Harry sighed about it. But now because of his excellent grades and refusal to go to a higher grade level, he was stuck as a regular 1st year; he became an assistant to Professor McGonagall, and Professor Flitwick. Everyone said he had a natural teacher talent. When he taught people, they understood perfectly and were happy that Harry was assistant teacher. Malfoy and Longbottom were too proud to ask him, so they always went to the teacher for help.

Snape was confusing. Harry was not sure if he hated him or liked him. He was brilliant in potions which caused Snape to like him, but he hated him because he was his father's son. During his insane moods of hating him, he had tried to get Harry in trouble for smallest things in Potions, but Harry was brilliant and was always a step ahead of him. Harry had heard Snape telling some teachers that he admitted that the boy had potential in becoming a powerful Potions master, but Harry had inwardly laughed at the thought of being a Potions master.

That night during Halloween, Harry was eating as quietly as usual and having a small chat with Padma Patil, who was now known as one of his good friends. While he was chatting with Padma at the Ravenclaw table, for some reason, he had felt a strange awful feeling as if he forgot to do something, but he had ignored it. That was until he heard the Great Hall door slammed opened.

That was when it came to him like a snap.

Hermione wasn't here. Harry quickly looked at Ron and Neville. Ron was sitting by his brothers, and looked really guilty when the troll was mentioned. When Harry had looked at Neville and his buddies, they were looking kind of guilty as well.

The look on their faces had told him everything.

As quickly as he could, he followed everyone out of the Hall when Dumbledore dismissed them.



Harry wasted no time. He had immediately Shadow teleported to the rest room where Hermione was. He was shocked to see that the time of differences were faster than usual and things were going a bit too fast compared to his old dimension. When he arrived on time he saw the troll aiming his heavy bat at Hermione. Reacting fast, Harry threw an enhanced magical dagger that blew the bat into smithereens. Hermione yelled for Harry, but Harry didn't hear a word she said.

Harry was beyond furious. He began to glow with power. Using a bit of control, he was not going to need to his full power on a weak creature such as this.

With a mental command his shadow powers had bounded to the troll, freezing him in place. After making sure the troll couldn't get loose Harry had lifted his wand and said in a cold hard voice.

"For threatening my friends..." He shouted out loud, "Shadowra Flara!"

A huge burst of black light that sounded like screeched flames mixed with electro volts shot out of his wand and hit the troll dead on from behind. It blew a hole so big in the troll's chest, that its arms and head were no longer connected to its body. The whole upper chest of the troll was gone along with the head missing. The lower part of the troll fell down with its arms.

Harry immediately ran to Hermione and held her. She started crying immediately into his arms. For a few second, Harry noticed that he and she were glowing blue for a few seconds; he took note of that to check out later.

"Harry... (Hic)... what... was... (Hic) that... troll... (Sob) doing here?" She cried onto his chest.

"Shhh... don't talk." Harry said holding her warmly.

He snapped out of his thoughts when he felt the teachers approaching, he immediately apologized to Hermione.

"Sorry Hermione... I need you to pretend that you don't remember anything, and avoid eye contact with Snape and Dumbledore, and follow my story, ok Mione!"

After a minute Hermione nodded her head in understanding.

A few moments later the teachers stepped inside of the room. He turned around to see Professor's Snape, Flitwick, McGonagall, Sprout, and Dumbledore. They were looking at him in amazement, awe, fury, worry, and relief.

"What on earth are you two doing here?" Professor McGonagall said with cold fury in her voice. She had to admit, she was awed seeing a dead troll on the ground, the only conclusion it told her was Harry Potter killed it himself.

"Why aren't you to in your dormitory?" She asked again in a calm voice.

Harry saw Snape about to say something so he spoke first.

"I was sitting at dinner until I noticed Hermione was missing, when Professor Quirrell entered, he yelled about the troll. I asked immediately if anyone saw Hermione, and someone told me she was crying, so I immediately set off to find her, I would of went to tell you Professors, but something told me I should go look for her, timing was crucial. When I heard a scream, I knew where Hermione was, so when I entered this room, I saw a huge troll standing in front of her and was about to clobber her, so I focused in putting all my power into a Reducto spell and blasted the troll at point-blank range." Harry trailed off.

Some of the teachers were giving a look in disbelief, but some nodded, it was true the lad was powerful, so of course that made sense. And of course, why would he lie?

"Now Ms. Granger, please explain your story." Dumbledore said kindly.

Harry released Hermione who stopped crying and spoke. He knew Hermione would follow Harry's made up story, instead of Harry glowing with power, and he ran in and shot a powerful Reducto curse. Harry had a feeling Dumbledore was going to use Legilimency to try and confirm it, which had angered him. As for the reason why Hermione was in here, at first she lied about why she was crying. But the teachers demanded that she tell them the truth.

She looked ashamed when she told them what happened. That idiot Neville and Ron were making fun of her when she tried to show them the movements in charms, and they started to call her a know-it-all and then they said the only reason Harry was talking to her was because he felt sorry for her because she had no friends. Dean and Seamus then told her how nobody in Gryffindor liked her; they only talked to her, because she was friends with Harry. So she was crying all day in the bathroom until she heard the door slam opened. A troll walked in and started to destroy things. He was about to kill her, until Harry ran in looking very angry and shot a powerful Reducto curse at the trolls back.

Harry was absolutely furious, but McGonagall was even more furious than him when she heard about how Neville and his friends were treating Hermione.

Before they could say anything Dumbledore spoke.

"Mr. Potter, I am glad that you have quick thinking. I would take points away from Mr. Longbottom, Finnegan, and Thomas. However it would not be fair to you two. Because of your bravery and saving Ms. Granger's life, 100 points to Gryffindor and special services award for your bravery." Dumbledore gave them an honest smile.

Harry smiled back and helped Hermione to her feet.

"Thank you Professor, I'm sorry for all the trouble." Hermione said wiping the tears out of her eyes.

"No problem Ms. Granger, it is not your fault; those students who had hurt your feelings shall be punished. I am ashamed of hearing Gryffindor's own students have been hurting one of their own." McGonagall said shamefully. You could tell she was disappointed in her house.

"Anyhow, you two should be going now, I will be writing letters to your parents about this, good night." Dumbledore said smiling at them. However Snape stopped them. He knew Snape would. He was always trying to catch Harry off guard. But Harry was too guarded.

"But Headmaster! Potter... he broke the rules. You told him to go to back to the tower, but he didn't listen. Potter should be punished."

Snape said lamely. He wanted to get Harry in trouble for the smallest of things. He had to try.

"Severus, Harry saved a student. Are you saying I should have punished him when it could have been young Mr. Malfoy's life or yours? Was it better if you want a student dead?" Dumbledore asked.

Snape sputtered and scowled and stalked off.

Harry smiled inwardly. He left with Hermione back to the Gryffindor tower. One thing was for sure, his luck was going to run out, and Dumbledore was going to find his secret and question him. Harry knew his luck was going to run dry someday, and his powers were going to be revealed.

Harry felt ashamed that night. He should have watched Hermione carefully. He knew he was being too lazy. He was too confident in his own abilities. Because of his arrogance, Hermione almost died. He knew he had to quit joking around.

They didn't bother telling anyone else what happened to Hermione. Hermione took the other seat in front of Harry in the common room.

"Harry I want to thank you for saving me but how did you knock out the troll, and why did you tell me to avoid eye contact with Dumbledore and Snape?"

"What can I say I know a lot of powerful spells and if people would find out they would probably think I'm dangerous and lock me up or something, and the eye contact thing was because both Dumbledore and Snape know Legilimency, look it up" Harry said staring at Hermione's curious face.

"Can you teach me Harry, I know for a fact you know more than you're telling"

"First you got to learn the basics of Occlumency, the art of protecting one's mind from outside invasion" Harry Accio'ed a book. "Here read this and before you learn the basics, do not look at Dumbledore's or Snape's eyes.

"Harry you're a good friend" she came up to him and grabbed the book, before Harry could move, she place her lips on his.

Harry was really bewildered by the act, but like any other guy he enjoyed the feeling of a girls soft petal lips. Their lips were connected for about a minute before Hermione pulled out of the kiss and ran towards the girl's dorm. Harry sat there for few minutes before he went up to his four poster bed.

Later at the end of the night, Harry walked to the library and was trying to find information about his wand. He never heard about the King of Azeroth before. He heard about former Kings of the Wizardry World... but...Harry decided to look in the Restricted Section. The secret to taking books out of the Restriction section for students was to not step inside of the Restriction section itself, but to summon the book to you from outside the Restriction section.

After finding the right book, Harry stepped out of the restricted section and summoned it towards him.

History's of Magical Rulers: By Sephiroth Jenova

"Hmm...The Wizard King Seth... nah... the Demon Witch Queen Aghagim... no definitely no... The White Rose Queen Lily? Interesting, she's hot and looks like my mum, but no... hmm? The Demon King Sauron? Very interesting... he looks very cool in that black armor...but no... Ah! Here it is... the Shadow King Azeroth..."

Emperor Azeroth

The Last Wizard Emperor of the Magical Kingdom was Emperor Azeroth. He lived for 363 years while ruling the Magical Kingdom of Europe until his death. He was born and raised in Ireland, now part of the British ministry. He died in his fortress Azkaban of a rare magical disease that had no cure. He was known to be the strongest of his line. Azeroth was born as a Shadow Mage. Like all Mages, his Shadow Mage powers did not mature until he was 16 years old. Azeroth was known as the strongest Shadow Mage in history and led the most powerful army that walked the earth known as Shadow Life Drainers. They are said to be an elite group of wizards that used a magical device known as the claoirpe to suck the souls of their victims rather than kill them. After the death of their lord, they

mourned for 616 days after that the brave men and women of the Emperors army turned into what is now known as the Dementors.

'So that's why the reason why when I became a Shadow Mage they no longer affected me and ran away from me in battle!' Harry thought to himself.

The reason why Europe no longer has a Emperor is because the Wizard Emperor Azeroth made a pledge, in which if he should one day die, the Magical Kingdom would be disbanded into multiple communities or under Ministries. Azeroth's dying pledge was respected and completed, till such time that a new shadow mage is found. No shadow mage has ever sighted for the last 1,200 years.

It is unknown where the Emperor is buried, it is said that he is buried in the Island of Azkaban, but 37 searches led to dead ends.

Harry was left speechless...As a Shadow Mage he could be the next emperor, not to mention he could command the Dementors to serve him!

"What the hell?" Harry shouted.

A/N: Okay folks, it's all smooth sailing from here, lol. What I mean is that, from here I will have to rewrite the chapters more, in order to fit in all the stuff I am planning and also all the girls.

Pairings for sure:

Harry/Hermione

Harry/Daphne

Harry/Yuan

Harry/Susan

Harry/Tonks

Harry/Gabrielle/Fleur

If you want any other girls added regardless of age, please state it in the review. Although I don't reply back to reviews, I read all of them, yeah, I read all the reviews, so don't think you won't be heard.

What do you guys think of the flash that took place when Harry saved Hermione? Was it a life debt? Soul bond? What do you think?

Be sure to check out xadro(dot)net We have an entire Harry Potter fan fiction library over there.

Good day people,

Venetian Prince

## Chapter 7: Quidditch & the Train Ride

The very next morning, Harry woke up feeling extremely tired. Finding information on the former user of his wand had tired him somehow. He found out so many things yesterday it gave him a headache. If he knew earlier on he could control Dementors in his dimension and could kill them permanently, he would have done it long ago and saved countless of lives.

Forcing himself out of bed, he began his morning rituals. Exercising, go back to the dorm, get ready for class, and leave to the Great Hall early like always. Sometimes he would meet Hermione in the common room during those times. Like him, Hermione was an early riser.

This morning it was slightly different. After getting ready for class, he received a letter from his dad which was on his bed.

Dearest son,

I heard about everything that happened between your friend, you and the troll. Dumbledore wrote to us. I'm proud of you son. You have changed so much that it amazes me. The way McGonagall 'bragged' on the letter was simply amazing. Anyhow, back to yesterday night. I'm proud of you in rescuing your friend. Your mother would have written you a letter, but I doubt you want another Howler. That must be embarrassing. I understand how you feel. I was called 'Mommas boy' all threw out my 1st and 2nd year. I hope they don't call you that. I had never lived it down.

Anyway, I'm getting off track...killing a troll! Are you out of mind son? I'm proud of you and all, but putting yourself in danger like that! Damn it son, you had your mother in hysterics. I had to stun her. She was crying about how you could have been hurt or even killed! She was trying to Floo to Hogwarts, but I had your sisters hiding the Floo powder from her. Everyone says hi, especially Yuna. She has a crush on you for so long. You should date her. She's a fine girl. You could bring the families together if you marry her! Hint Hint You would do great with her since she was raised in the ways of ancient tradition.

So how's class? I read a letter from Professor McGonagall and Dumbledore that you exceed your normal grade level. That's brilliant.



They recommend we make you take a Wizard Magical IQ test. To bad you're no longer a prankster. They told me you should be in your 3rd year. They said Lily was a good influence on you. What about me? I'm your father. You should listen to me to! You should do some pranks like your old man.

Sorry son, I'm ranting.

Oh yes, I heard about you putting Snape in his place. I'm proud of you. I want to tell you son, the reason Snape hates you is because of me. I did so many awful things to him when we were younger. I heard how much he treating you, and I apologize that he is taking it out on you. Sorry son. I was a huge prat when I was younger. When you come home, I want to tell you some of the awful things I did, and maybe, you would understand what I mean.

I hope you forgive me.

I had tried to tell him I was sorry for several years now, but he doesn't respond to my letters. Oh yes, I heard about you blasting the young Malfoy heir in school. Congratulations kid! I should be like every other father and scold you, but I want to say good job. The news was all over my department of how you showed Lucius Malfoy's son and defended Muggleborns! Lucius Malfoy hasn't been looking me in the eye since then! Good job kid! Your mother still say's she's disappointed in you, even if you were defending Muggleborns. She literally says you shouldn't pick a fight, however her smile says otherwise. Remus says hey and he hopes you study well. Your Uncle Sirius and Aunt Amy have also heard about you. They are quite proud. Well I got to get ready for work. Later son and take care.

Remember to prank someone...

Oh yes, I heard about your first Quidditch game is this Saturday from McGonagall. I'll be coming with the entire family. I requested a day off from work. Sirius is taking a day off as well. Aunt Amy will be their as well. You better give us a damn good show. Love ya kid.

Your loving Father,

Harry was surprised. His father was apologizing? He didn't think his father would have apologize to Snape, however he did. Harry's

respect for his father grew. But it kind of hurt him knowing that Snape didn't accept it.

I guess scars run to deep.

Harry got up and left downstairs for breakfast. He saw Hermione who was waiting for him, she gave him a winning smile with a small blush on her face and they had both set off to the Great Hall. Harry didn't want to bring up the kiss because he didn't fully understand what Hermione's intentions towards him were. When both first years passed by the Gryffindor ruby glass, they noticed Gryffindor was leading by 110 points. There was no way the other houses could catch up. They were leading to far and when the next Quidditch game approached, they would even get more points. When Harry and Hermione had reached downstairs, they heard rumors from other Gryffindors that Neville, Seamus, and Dean were given a seven week detention from teasing Hermione. That was harsh he had to admit, then again, all they had to do was help Filch clean around the school. That was easy, they were lucky they didn't have to serve detention with Snape.

As November came, it slowly became colder in the weather. Quidditch season was around the corner. It was coming this Saturday, 'Gryffindor versus Slytherin.' Harry wasn't worried. He was one of the best Quidditch players of his generation.

Or so everyone told him in his dimension.

He just had to make sure Quirrell didn't interfere. Not like he would. He wasn't The Boy Who Lived in this dimension, so Quirrell wouldn't do anything against him anyway.

Around the week, Harry noticed Snape was limping. He knew why, but remained silent. Harry watched as Snape started to taunt Neville. Harry had to admit, he found joy in seeing it. Neville wasn't known as a hot shot at Hogwarts. Harry was. Harry sighed. Harry had gained the reputation as a top student, strong, and very popular. He was very handsome for an eleven year old, and many girls were always trying to flirt with him, but he was polite and said he wasn't interested. He was too young to begin with and truthfully, he really wasn't interested in girls at that moment, which wasn't a lie. For some reason he felt like he was forever in love with Ginny. Though

she wasn't the same Ginny he was in love with in his old dimension, she would still grow up to be the same person he loved... hopefully...

At the end of the week, the 1st Quidditch game was approaching faster.

Neville and his crew approached him during breakfast one day after pushing around some Hufflepuff 1st years.

"You may be strong with a wand and top of your classed we'll see how you do in Quidditch like Wood keep's bragging about." Neville said still stock jealous at Harry.

Harry ignored him. At the corner of his eye, he noticed that Ron was still hanging out with Neville. Why? He did not know.

Neville left eye twitched. He was quite annoyed at being ignored.

"Look Potter, we started off roughly, I just wanted to show you and a hand of friendship. Don't regret rejecting my friendship." Neville said coldly.

Harry laughed. Hermione gave a small smile as well.

"Usually I don't judge people at first appearance, but you are an exception. The first time you appeared at Hogwarts and mocking me when I was being Sorted, that was the day you crossed me. I don't give a damn about the situation between you and me. You're The Boy Who Lived, I'm sure you can find yourself other friends besides me." Harry said sarcastically.

Narrowing his eyes, he stalked off as Harry called him from behind.

"If I see you mess with those Hufflepuffs again, you will definitely not like what I'll do to you." Harry said in a cheerful and yet threatening voice.

Hermione waited until they were out of ear shot before she spoke to her best friend.

"You know Harry, they haven't stopped trying give you a hand in friendship. You should accept it. They are going to give you a hard time in the future." Hermione said seriously.

Harry rolled his eyes.

"I don't give a damn about them. Let them. I'll be ready." Harry said seriously. He liked to live dangerous sometimes. It was part of his nature as the former Boy Who Lived.

"Well, watch out during Quidditch, I got a bad feeling about this." Hermione said worried while looking at Neville and his crew who was giving Harry glares.

Padma, who was sitting by them, shook her head. For some reason, Harry knew things were going to be different in this dimension. Padma was like a replacement for Ron, but she and Hermione acted very much the same. It was funny, because Padma had sat with the Gryffindors more then she sat with the Ravens.

"They won't do anything. Neville is already in deep trouble from the flying incident. Did you hear what he did to Malfoy? They got into a fight in the hallway, though Neville won. Both of them were given detention for two weeks. That's ten weeks of detention total with the incident of the Halloween accident, broom incident and their little scuffle."

"Yes well, let's concentrate more on Harry's first Quidditch game, I hope you do well Harry." Hermione said worried.

Harry smirked inwardly. He'll show everyone. He had a move he been practicing back at home.

People were wishing him luck while others were telling him to be careful around Slytherin. Gryffindor had  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the school on their side, including a few Slytherin's, the ones that were friends with Harry of course. Harry gained the reputation of a model student among the younger students. He was given early respect around Hogwarts and it was quite interesting in seeing an eleven year old being respected by the senior students.

Harry had made a lot of good friends in good places and he knew in the future, it would do him good.

Hermione made other friends as well. She was friends when the brainy people. Like Ravenclaw or more like Padma Patil. Parvati,

Padma's twin sister and Lavender did not quite get along with Hermione or Padma at all. They didn't quite get along with brainy people.

So, Hermione's closest girl friend was Padma and they got along quite well together. Padma would act very similar to Hermione, however Padma wasn't as bossy and strict. They were both very intelligent. Padma was very quiet and shy unlike her sister Parvati. He heard rumors of the freaky people are the shy and quiet ones, looking back at his past relations with Padma, he knew it was true. Surprisingly, both were friends with Cho Chang, a 2nd year Ravenclaw, Harry's old ex-girlfriend.

Harry couldn't help but admit that he was surprised of Cho.

She was quite different at twelve years old. She was a very nice person compared to the one in his old world where people had mixed judgment on her. He had heard rumors of course, that she had really changed when she dated Cedric and lost her sweetness. She had gotten overconfident because she was dating one of the popular guys in school. She had of course let it go to her head and when Cedric had died, that was when she had changed. Her innocence had died when Cedric was murdered by Voldemort.

Speaking of dating... Cedric and Cho began dating after the Yule Ball. Harry dated Cho a bit as well. Not just 5th year, but during the summer after 5th. Of course they broke up when they realize it just wasn't right. So they stayed friends. Good friends with benefits that is...

((o))

Finally the day came of the Quidditch match. Harry was eating as normal as expected.. His team however, they were looking unsure. Harry sighed. They were looking pale like they seen a ghost. He would yell some encouragement, but he just ignored it.

When the time came for the game, they were later standing in the field looking at the Slytherin team. Harry had seen his family a while ago. They were by the teacher stands. They waved and he waved back cheerfully. He could hear the girls in his team murmur. 'I wish I had his cheerfulness.' Harry rolled his eyes mentally. He couldn't

believe why they were so worried for. They were great at practice, even better than in his old dimension.

"Now, I want a nice fair game, from all of you."

Harry smirked. This caught everyone's attention that was on the field. Harry was going to thrash Slytherin. He was going to show everyone how great he was as Seeker.

Hooch was looking at Harry who was looking at Slytherin evilly. They were shivering from his green eyes.

"Mount your brooms, please." Hooch said worriedly.

Harry got on his Nimbus. He wanted to use his Firebolt, but he knew that would be against the rules to use an unknown broom.

Madame Hooch gave a loud blast on her silver whistle.

Fifteen brooms rose up including the referee.

Harry shot out the fastest. He was in his game now. He was fully concentrating while listening to Lee Jordan who was commentating.

"And the Quaffle is taken immediately taken by Angelina Johnson, what an excellent Chaser that girl is, and rather attractive too."

"Jordan!"

There were some small giggles in the crowd.

"Sorry, Professor!" Lee said apologetically, but he really didn't sound like it.

"Chaser Alicia Spinnet intercepts Marcus Flint's shot, rather spectacular actually. Wow, Slytherin hasn't improved much have they?"

"Jordan!" McGonagall screeched.

"Anyway, look at Gryffindor go, Wow, our youngest Seeker in the game sure knows how to play Quidditch doesn't he? He's intercepting every Slytherin play they are dishing out! Ouch, one of

the Slytherin Chasers has just been hit on the head by a Bludger by a Weasley. Don't know which one. Yes, the Weasley's are known to be legendary in Quidditch. What foul? Penalty shot to Slytherin! They shoot, yes! Wood blocks it! Quaffle is immediately taken by Alicia, no way, come on Weasley's, hit him on the head, ouch, right between the legs! That'll do. Nice shot their Weasley's." Jordan commented.

"Lee Jordan!" McGonagall shouted.

Everyone in the stands were giggling and laughing.

"Sorry Professor, oh look Alicia Spinnet scores another goal! Another 10 points to Gryffindor! Look at our youngest player in Gryffindor go again, wow he plays like a Professional, man I wish I could be him, so many of us lonely guys look up to him even though he is shorter than us, he got the looks, the brains, the confidence, the power, the charm, the sexiness ...."

"Lee Jordan!" You could hear Harry's family in the back ground laughing and giggling.

"Sorry Professor, I do admire him from afar... oh wait, is that our young Harry? He's abandoning his strategy, he's after the snitch! Go Harry!"

Harry's P.O.V.

The moment the game started, he zoomed up immediately. He was flying around intercepting all of their plays. He was annoying the shit out of Slytherin. They were giving him the finger but he just brushed it off, he saw how the Weasley's who were inspired by Jordan's commenting and continue to swing their bats like mad men.

After 10 minutes of playing. Harry smiled hearing how Lee said he admired him in so many ways. The enemy seeker was taunting Harry. Harry annoyed decided to kick the game up a notch. He saw at the corner of his eye that the Slytherin Seeker was eyeing him closely. With a fake sudden concentration, Harry immediately dived he was taking turns and spins like crazy like he was really chasing the snitch.

"Harry Potter is after the snitch!" Immediately everyone stopped what they were doing and watched as the Slytherin Seeker followed. Everybody was watching Harry as he was performing amazing dives, acrobats, and turns while chasing the 'Snitch.' To say the least, it was the most impressive moves they seen him do, even Wood was impressed. Harry slowed down purposely so he could follow. When they close enough Harry led him to the Slytherin stand and pulled out at the last second. The Slytherin seeker Terrace Higgs slammed straight into the Slytherin stands directly at Draco Malfoy who screamed.

Silence...

"Oh my god! That was a beautiful feint! A Wronski feint! Who would believe that? I don't believe it, it was all a fake all this time! Our youngest Seeker in two centuries is showing unbelievable skill. I guess Harry Potter is living up to his father's reputation! He's a Quidditch Prodigy!" Jordan shouted in the micro phone shocked. Everyone was shocked at Harry's performance. Harry just performed a professional Quidditch move and he did it professionally while faking it the whole time when he did the dives and turns. Wood was giggling like mad and cheering with the rest of the Gryffindor team.

Harry smiled and wave at Commentary box. Those in the commentary box had waved back at him.

"Excellent move Harry! Wait, there's a time out for Slytherin, Slytherin Seeker Higgs is badly injured. I don't blame him. That had to hurt. Oh wait! Someone else is injured! Who is that?" Lee asked.

"Wow, a spectacular feint from Harry Potter. He crashed straight into one of his jealous nemesis Draco Malfoy who seems to be hurt! What a wussy girl."

"Jordan!"

They heard in the background of Sirius talking.

"So that's the slimy stuck up Malfoy that my cousin had bred. I was surprise the Malfoy's could breed children. I'll be damn." Sirius murmured in the background.

"Sirius Black!" McGonagall screeched.



Everyone began to snigger and laugh out loud. Some of the Draco Malfoy's supporters were looking murderous at the commentary box.

Soon enough the game continued. Higg's was pissed beyond belief. He wanted to keep playing even with a broken shoulder. Harry was impressed he was still going with an injury. This time Slytherin was doing multiple fouls. They had tried to take out Wood, but failed when Harry kept intercepting. When they would hit Bludgers, Harry would get close enough to one and rubbed it so it could go the other way. Wood was open jawed at Harry's skill like everyone else. It was unbelievable and unexpected when they saw how he flew next to a Bludger and kicked it away towards other player, in which it failed because he wasn't strong enough to kick it, so he had to resort to push and rub it to the direction he wanted it to go to.

His team as gob smacked, Harry had never showed that much skill during practice!

After a few minutes of getting the beat down for Slytherin, everyone saw how the Slytherin's were soon getting their act together after a time-out. They were aiming for the Chaser's like mad. Gryffindor Chaser's barely had enough time to dodge them. Harry couldn't even help, he was too busy trying to end the game by looking for the snitch. When Harry saw one of the enemy Chaser had a clear path towards Wood, Harry flew straight towards the Chaser from the side, and intercepted the ball and went toward the Slytherin goal fast! He had a clear path as well. He was trying to find a clear spot and throw it to one of his Chaser's, but they were too busy dodging as well. The people in the field were too shocked to do anything. Everyone was shocked to see a Seeker holding the Quaffle. Only Wood wasn't surprised, he knew Harry would have been a great Chaser as well! It's not every day you see that. It wasn't against the rules either.

"What the hell? Potter's got the Quaffle! I have never seen a Seeker helping out friendly Chaser! Is this legal in school matches Professor?"

When Harry approached the Keeper, he made a spectacular feint and could have scored, but instead he threw it hard at the Keeper's broom. He lost balance and fell off. While he was falling he hit the ground hard with a sickening crunch. The keeper wasn't getting up anytime soon.

"Holy shit!"

"Good graci ... Jordan!"

"That was deliberate! Damn Potter... you play rough! Go Potter! Show them what Gryffindor is made out of! (Here the Gryffindors cheered.) Kick their slimy arses! Penalty to Slytherin!" Jordan screamed into the microphone while dancing away from McGonagall who was trying to yank the Microphone from him.

Slytherin was devastated of course. There was no Keeper! Once the penalty shot was given, the rest of the Slytherin team was worried and panicking. Flint wasn't panicking, he was pissed, he tried to kick Harry and intercept him when Harry was flying by fast. It was pretty obvious of what he was doing to the crowd. They were booing at him, but Flint continued. Harry couldn't blame him for getting angry, but seeing how he was trying to ram him clearly on purpose, he decided a kick the game up another notch. When he saw Flint tried to ram Harry, Harry tipped his broom quickly upward, letting Flint fly under in horror, quickly, Harry lowered his broom hitting the back of Flint's broom making him fly off and hitting the ground. Everyone heard a sickening crunch and winced. Immediately a time-out was given.

When the Gryffindor's were on the ground his team spoke.

"Damn Harry, you're a demon!" Katie said excitedly.

"Yes! If we keep this up, it wouldn't matter if you caught the snitch at all." Wood said looking ecstatic.

True enough, looking at the score board. Harry noticed it was 270-20. They were killing them. He didn't even notice they were that high.

"Harry, you need to end this now so we could get the points for the snitch. If they forfeit now, we won't get it. Hurry up and catch it. We'll deal with the rest!" Wood said excited.

"Calm down Wood, we're excited to, our first win against Slytherin in years." Angelina said with equal excitement like Wood. Fred and George were grinning like mad.

Harry nodded.

Yeah, he better wrap this game up. He wasn't planning on embarrassing the Slytherin team too much and he was quite sure Snape was going to get him for this.

Hooch immediately blew the whistle for everyone to get back in position. Slytherin lost a Chaser, a Keeper, and their Seeker had a broken shoulder.

Harry decided to catch the snitch now. Slytherin team was badly injured. He was surprised they didn't forfeit after that time-out.

'Must be their pride.' Harry thought.

5 Minutes Later...

When he saw it, he was already in the middle of a Feint, he quickly zoomed past one of the Slytherin Chasers who freaked out thinking Harry was aiming for him. The Slytherin Seeker that was falling for the feint earlier thought Harry was feinting again. He saw how Harry did Feints over other Feints. It was too much. This time when he looked closer, he noticed it really was the snitch! He tried to follow Harry who was chasing it, but it was too late. Harry already caught it!

The crowd exploded with cheers.

Lee shouted into the microphone.

"And Harry Potter catches the Snitch! Gryffindor Wins by the margin 460-20. A major upset to Slytherin. What a slaughter by Harry Potter and the Gryffindor team."

Everyone cheered at Harry's name. Harry had to admit, he was brutal when he knocked Flint like that, but he had never disliked Slytherin. They had always played dirty and he returned, decided to play it back.

When they touched back down, the team immediately commented on him.

"That was a wicked win!" Fred announced.

"Even if we lose the next game, we'll probably still be leading in points!" George commented.

"Yeah, we kicked their ass!" Angelina cheered.

"Man if felt good seeing that they are the ones that are injured this time! We didn't have a single person from our team sent to the Hospital this time." Alicia agreed.

"Damn straight!" Katie Bell yelled excitedly.

Harry laughed.

Wood was silent. The whole team gave him an odd look. Suddenly his demeanor change to an ecstatic smile. He cheered while hugging Harry fiercely. The whole team followed. The Gryffindor's were running across the field to meet them while they cheered and hugged.

There was a huge party that night. Harry didn't attend though. He was with his family. His entire family was cheering like mad, besides his mum and his aunt Amy. They were pale like ghosts.

"Wow Harry, that was bloody wicked playing." Sirius commented.

"Sirius! Language!" Amy shouted at her husband.

"Wow kid, I didn't think you were that good. You definitely earned by respect." James said looking at his son proudly.

Lily was giving her son a disapproving look.

"Harry I'm ashamed of seeing you playing like that. You purposely injured them. You sent three to the hospital wing! Three! One, you knocked out purposely! Two, you knocked him off his broom on purpose, three, you broke someone's shoulder! You almost gave me a heart attack when you almost crashed into those stands!" Lily exclaimed.

"Ahhh forget mum. That was a great game bro. You should give us tips on how you play!" Sakura said excitedly.

Leon and Rosa were nodding. What they saw they were impressed. Their older brother performed a Wronski feint. A professional Quidditch move!

Sylvia knew how to fly, but she didn't understand Quidditch. She just cheered and nodded along her brother and sisters. Little Lily was giggling when she saw Harry. Harry began to tickle her, which had caused her to start laughing. She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek in greeting.

"You know son, this is going to reach the ears of the Quidditch League teams, and they are probably going to attend your next Quidditch game to see your skill. I hope you'll become a Quidditch player after school! Man, you might even get to play Quidditch while you're in school!" His father said excitedly, much to Lily's protesting. "Think about it, you'll be the youngest player in Professional Quidditch if they accept you before you turn sixteen!"

After they had some small talk and before they were about to go back home, Yuna was blushing furiously and gave him a kiss on the cheek and ran away with cheeks flaming. Harry was left looking gob smacked. He was snapped out his thoughts when Sirius spoke just loud enough for Yuna to hear.

"I know my daughter's kiss shocked you Harry, but there's no need to freeze in shock by being kissed by a beautiful girl." Sirius commented. He was smacked on the head by Amy instantly while their daughter was turning a darker shade of red.

Harry had to admit, that girl was a brave little girl to pull a kiss off him like that. For some reason he didn't look at her like that, only like a sister possibility. Plus they had the body of little kids. He had a mind of a 17 year old. He couldn't picture a sexy looking 9 or 10 year old, that was child molesting. He had to admit though, when Yuna got older, she was going to be a sexy little thing with her Veela traits, maybe by then, he wouldn't mind dating her, if things would not look good between him and Ginny.

Rolling his eyes, he watched as his family left to go back home. When he had finally reached the Gryffindor common room, he had immediately noticed that a lot of people were partying. As he entered, the Gryffindor girl Chaser's were giving him kisses on the cheek for such a good game.

"I was with my family. They wanted to congratulate me on my first Quidditch game." Harry responded as they questioned him on where he was at the whole time.

Everyone nodded and told him it was a wicked game. The game they played showed Slytherin one thing. Don't mess with Gryffindor or Harry Potter.

((o)))

The rest of November ended quickly followed by the beginning of Christmas. Ravenclaw defeated Hufflepuff and it was odd. Harry wasn't surprise when Quirrell didn't attack him at the Quidditch game. Things were different. Quirrell wouldn't care about some 1st year who he didn't know that well. Harry Potter wasn't The Boy Who Lived in this dimension. Oh well, Christmas was approaching. He had more important things to do then worry about a crazy professor.

When Christmas Holidays approached, both Harry and Hermione were leaving for home. Harry didn't want to take the long way home by train, he was thinking of Shadow Walking, but he knew his family was going to be there to greet him at the train station.

On the way back from the train ride, Neville walked in with his crew.

"Potter." Neville said entering. He completely ignored Hermione, Ron, and Padma.

Harry didn't say anything but looked at Neville and his crew. "So Potter, I give you one last chance, you can hang out with us, or you can hang out with losers and a bunch of nerds." Neville declared.

Harry rolled his eyes.

"Geez, how's this for an answer." Harry said lifting his wand having sparks shooting out with it. He was in no mood to deal with Neville at the moment. He was worst then Malfoy.

Neville and his friends flinch when Harry lifted his wand. Neville just gave a glare and walked away with his friends.

Harry sighed.

"Harry, you're quite popular with the bullies." Padma said quietly.

Harry smiled and spoke in an equal quiet voice.

"That's because I hate people who think they are all talk and no bark. Neville thinks because he's famous he can do anything. Someone has to knock him a peg or two. I would hate to be The Boy Who Lived. It's too troublesome." Harry said seriously.

Harry had raised an eyebrow at this. Ron was a follower, pure and simple. He had confused Harry many times. At once time, he would hang out with Neville and his buddies, the next he would hang out with Harry and the girls.

"Harry! By the sound of it. You sound jealous of his title." Ron said looking at Harry concerned.

Harry scowled at this

'You have no idea what I went through when I was The Boy Who Lived Ron.' Harry thought to himself. Ron was a follower, pure and simple. He had confused Harry many times in this dimension. At one time, he would hang out with Neville and his buddies, the next he would hang out with Harry and the girls.

Harry huffed incredulously at the comment.

Hermione and Padma had giggled seeing Harry's expression.

Padma spoke softly.

"Ron, Harry's not jealous of his title, he's just doesn't like Neville period. Don't you hate the way he acts when he keeps saying I'm The Boy Who Lived this. I'm The Boy Who Lived that. It's annoying. Not to mention the way he tries to push people around, people hate that."

"You know, if Harry was The Boy Who Lived, it wouldn't be so bad, Harry for some reason fit perfectly for what everyone thinks of The Boy Who Lived. He's everything you would think of the guy. Smart, confident, kind, cool, handsome, popular, and I think almost

everything of the above, like a dreamy prince." Padma said while reading a book she pulled out.

"Padma, are you trying to ask me for a date like Hermione?" Harry said in a superior voice and pose. Padma grinned a little bit and pinched his cheeks causing him to wince in pain.

Before could do anything to Harry, their door opened again. It was Malfoy and his goons.

Harry sighed. Why can't they stop bothering him?

"Potter." Malfoy said evenly. Ever since Harry embarrassed him, he would always keep his cool and ignore Harry if possible. More like anyone that is connected to Harry Potter.

"Hello Malfoy, pleasant weather don't you say?" Harry asked.

Malfoy was about to sneer but he stopped himself.

"Yes, pleasant weather." Malfoy said in an absentmindedly voice.

There was a moment of silence. Padma and Hermione were looking above their books and were watching from Harry to Malfoy, and back.

Harry was patient; he was going to let Malfoy talk.

Ron however, wasn't patient.

"Can we help you Malfoy?" Ron asked. Hanging out with Harry, he had learned to keep his temper down a bit, but not too much.

Malfoy ignored him and looked at Harry and spoke.

"Why are you not in Slytherin?" Malfoy asked getting to the point.

Harry looked up at him surprise, but recovered it just as quickly. Of all things Malfoy would do, he asked Harry a simple question.

"Why do you ask?" Harry asked.



"Strangely enough, the Bloody Baron would sometimes make several strange comments about how you are a true Slytherin whenever he is in the dungeons." Malfoy paused. "I want to know why he has been telling us to listen to you and follow your judgment."

That was a surprise.

The Baron telling everyone in Slytherin that he was a true Slytherin and to show him respect? Maybe it was because he was able to fool everyone including Dumbledore. To do something like fooling Dumbledore required lots of skills. It didn't hurt that he had friends in all houses that could have told him stuff of what Malfoy and what Neville was planning for him. Almost every 1st year in his class had owed him a favor.

Thinking of something quick Harry spoke.

"I do not know why. Maybe because I am not prejudice like many people or maybe because I treat all people with respect unless you're like Neville Longbottom, then we got problems." Harry said the last part very sarcastically.

Malfoy smirked. He liked one thing about Harry Potter, well, a few things that is. He was sarcastic like many other Slytherin's and most of all... He hated the famous Longbottom as well as him.

"Very well Potter, until we meet again." Malfoy said closing the door.

They were all silent until Ron broke it.

"Harry... why would the Bloody Baron say that about you?" Ron asked a bit cross.

No matter how much Harry had tried to change Ron's views that not all Slytherins were bad, Ron would not change. To him, all Slytherins were bad and if Harry was called a 'perfect' Slytherin by the Bloody Baron no less, he knew his situation with Ron was going to go sour.

Hermione and Padma were looking curiously at him.

Harry shrugged.

"Truthfully... I don't know." Harry said not sure. What was the Bloody Baron up to? Was he trying to hint to his Slytherins about how he was fooling everyone of who he truly was?

Soon, they began to get more comfortable on the way back to the train station. During that time, Harry had gotten to know Padma a bit more. It turned out the Patil's were good friends with his parents back in school. Harry learned about the Patils were also living in Godric's Hollow and were friends with the Potters, because Padma's father was an Auror Captain like Harry's father. It turned out the reason why the Potters never met the Patils in the neighborhood was because their parents wouldn't let them leave the house most of the time. Their mum was very protective of them.

"Odd, how home our families never met together sometimes?" Harry asked.

"My mum is very protective of us. She still thinks we're little kids that shouldn't be walking outside..." Padma said unsure.

"Hey Harry." Ron said quietly.

"Hello to you to Ron." Harry said jokingly. After the curious conversation they had about Harry being a perfect Slytherin, Ron had gone immediately silent after that conversation.

Ron turned red and spoke.

"Very funny Harry, I wanted you to know my mum invited you to our house this Christmas, think your family can visit? I heard that my father and yours were friends at the Ministry."

Harry was shocked. Maybe he could meet Ginny sooner then he thought.

"Sure, I'll have to ask my mum and dad. I'm sure they would love to visit. I heard from my dad that he knew yours, but I wasn't sure."

Ron nodded.

Hermione and Padma looked put it out Harry noticed.

"Hey you guys, err... girls, cheer up. It's not like we're forgetting about you two. I got you some great presents this year. You girls will love it." Harry said smiling happily. Indeed they would love it. Hermione would love hers, and Padma... well she would probably faint when she see it. Harry knew Padma loved Astronomy.

As they all continued to chat, Harry had slowly become drowsy and eventually, he went into a deep sleep.

While he was sleeping, Padma, Hermione, and Ron spoke whispering to each other.

"Hey, I just noticed, don't you think Harry's a bit mature for his age half the time?" Ron whispered.

Hermione and Padma rolled their eyes at Ron, how come he realized it now? Then again, Ron had rarely hung out with them unless it involved homework, studying, or talking to Harry about Quidditch.

"It's not a bad thing, but yeah. He's really smart to, brilliant actually. All of the Ravenclaws are jealous of him." Padma said to herself. Yeah, she was jealous a bit like her fellow Ravens as well, but her friendship with Harry had overruled it.

"Yeah, I'm kind of jealous to. I wish I was as smart as Harry. He practical knows about everything in our curriculum, except for History of Magic." Hermione paused. "Did you know when I went upstairs to wake him up one day, I found a book that he was reading, and it was about very high magic theories. Something you only read when you're in a Magical University." Hermione said giving Harry a slight jealously look.

"I've seen him reading those sometimes. I had heard from Madame Prince and McGonagall are quite proud of him to." Padma said seriously.

Harry was the perfect model student that everyone to looked up to.

Ron who was listening this couldn't help but feel uncomfortable. Harry, Padma, and Hermione were smart, and he was only an average student. It was times like this, he felt uncomfortable hanging out with them.

"Yes, well, he showed me some theories and easier ways in wand movements when it came to transfiguration and charms. It was pretty impressive. I was impressed." Hermione said thinking when she asked Harry to show her some tips in charms, which was her weakest subject. She had no problem when it came to Charm theories, but practical, she would have failed miserably if it wasn't for Harry's help.

"Yeah, Harry's like the perfect student that the teachers admire. Harry's handsome, smart, confident, good in sports, well mannered, polite, brave, and most of all, he's helpful to all students who need help." Hermione said wisely. Padma nodded along with her.

"Some Ravenclaws, Cho, and I heard Professor Flitwick and Professor McGonagall discuss that if Harry was a 5th year now, he would be the 1st candidate for the Prefects badge or if possible, a future Head Boy candidate." Padma added to Hermione's praise to Harry.

"Hey... should we tell Harry about that 3 headed dog we saw on the 3rd floor? I mean, you know, he might know who Nicholas Flamel is. You can't deny that Harry is a brilliant student he would be helpful." Padma said to Hermione and Ron. Unknown to Harry, both Ron and Hermione had accidentally stayed up late and was in the hallway during after hours, but they bumped into Filch so they ran, and accidentally found the Cerberus on the forbidden floor. They had told Padma, and now Padma, Hermione, and Ron were trying to investigate what the dog was trying to hide. All they needed to find out now was who Nicholas Flamel was. They would have asked Harry, but they were tired of Harry helping them in everything like homework, and asking him for help in lessons. Hermione wanted to tell him because Harry was nothing but kind and helpful to them and wouldn't mind helping them, but Ron put his foot down and said they shouldn't because he felt guilty asking Harry for so much help these days. Padma had tried looking up Nicholas Flamel as well, but for a Ravenclaw, she still couldn't find him.

They were silent until the train began to slow down.

"Harry, wake up, the train's here." Hermione said poking him.

Harry smiled and opened his eyes.

He liked this dimension. He had peace and quiet. Barely had any worries, and he had a family.

Hermione and Padma began to get dress while Harry and Ron stepped out to another compartment to get dress. When they were done they stepped out of the train looking for their family and friends. Padma gave Harry, Hermione and Ron a hug goodbye and walked towards toward her family with twin sister waiting for her. Hermione gave her byes as well. She gave Harry a hug and told him Merry Christmas, while giving Ron a handshake since he thought hugs were unmanly in public. When she left, it was just Ron and Harry.

They had both saw their families at the same time. They were next to each other talking. They both took off towards their family members. The next thing Ron knew, he was being hugged by his mother.

"Oh Ronniekins, how was school?" His mother said cooing at him.

Ron's ears turned a dark shade of red while avoiding Harry's gaze.

Harry laughed, but it was short lived when he was hugged by different types of people.

His mother and all his sisters were hugging him at the same time.

Harry gasped.

"Mum! I need... to... breathe!"

His mother squeaked apologetically.

"Oh Harry, I'm so sorry." His mother cooed.

Little Lily was yanking his sweater with her hands raised for him to hold her.

Harry smiled and picked her up.

"Hey Lily, have you been a good girl for mommy and your brother's and sisters?" Harry cooed.

She giggled and chirped.

"Yeah!"

"That's my little girl." Harry said smiling at his younger sister while everyone was still talking to the Weasley family. Harry turned his attention to Ron's mother, he saw at the corner of his eye Ginny was watching him.

"Hello Mrs. Weasley. Ron told me so much about you. I heard from Ron that your cooking is to die for." Harry said leaving his hand out for a shake.

She accepted his hand shake and blushed at his comment.

"Oh it's nothing. I just love cooking. It's a pleasure to meet you Harry Potter. Ron's told me so much about you. I'm glad that you are helping him out on his studies." She said smiling at the messy black haired boy.

Harry smiled back and turned his attention to Mr. Weasley.

"Hello Mr. Weasley, it's a pleasure to meet you as well. I heard from Ron that your hobbies that things that deal with Muggle things like electricity and plugs." Harry said smiling.

Arthur Weasley smiled. He liked this boy. He knew what his hobbies were and knew some things about Muggles.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Harry Potter. I heard much about you from my son, top student in your class and the youngest Seeker in two centuries." Arthur Weasley said shaking his hand.

"I would like to introduce you to my children. I'm sure you heard of Percy. He's a Prefect for Gryffindor."

Percy puffed out his chest.

"Fred and George Weasley, 3rd years in Gryffindor, and mind you, their pranksters. Be careful when they give you treats."

Fred and George grinned and spoke.

"We know Harry dad, but it's a pleasure to meet the rest of the Potters." George said.

"Harry told us your family is full of pranksters, it's a pleasure." Fred said bowing the girls, while James and his children grinned. Molly and Lily gave them a disapproving look.

Arthur continued on like nothing happened.

"And the youngest Weasley, my daughter, Ginny. She'll be attending Hogwarts next year." Arthur said proudly.

Ginny smiled at everyone, but a blush crept to her cheeks when she looked at Harry intently and turned away when he turned to look at her. A few of them had caught this. Harry's sisters scowled at her, while Sylvia and Little Lily looked confused at their twin sister's look. Leon gave her a cold look as he stood next to his older brother. The parents just smiled. James whispered to Lily.

"He's a heartbreaker that one, she best stay away from him, Yuna has first dibs on him." James chuckled.

Lily rolled her eyes. She hoped Harry wasn't going to be like James when it came to girls. James was such a heartbreaker until he met her.

"Hello Ginny. It's a pleasure to meet you." Harry said ignoring his twin sisters scowling look at her.

Ginny blushed and shook Harry's hand and murmured.

"Please to meet you to."

each other for a few more seconds until Sakura cleared her throat.

"Well, it's a pleasure to meet you Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, see you later Ron, Fred, George, Percy, and Ginny." Harry said waving goodbye. The rest of the Potter's said their goodbyes and grabbed onto a port-key that James was able to get and disappeared.

A/N: What do you guys think? Before you berate me about Ron and Ginny, understand that people just don't hate other people suddenly.

With that said, Ron and Ginny won't play any major parts, but I don't want to make this a super Ron and Ginny bashing.

Anyways, give me feedback by clicking the review button and join my new C2 Community to lots of fics! It's called Dukedom forum library. All Harry Potter goodness.

Cya later guys and gals.



Chp8